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THE REITH LECTURES—V

By A. C. B. Lovell

(page 971)

# The Listener

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'Danseuse vue de profile', by Degas (see page 1000)

**Gunpowder in Asian Politics**  
By Hugh Tinker

**The New Negro in the United States**  
By Ruth Glass

**A Computer-controlled World?**  
By Andrew D. Booth

**The Problem of Choice**  
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# The Listener

Vol. LX. No. 1550

Thursday December 11 1958

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## The Individual and the Universe

# The Origin of the Universe

The fifth of six Reith Lectures by A. C. B. LOVELL, F.R.S.

THIS week and next week I want to talk to you about the problem of the origin of the universe. I suppose it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that this is the greatest challenge to the intellect that faces man, and I cannot pretend that I have any new solution to offer you. However, you may have gathered from my earlier talks that today the air is alive with a new hope and expectancy, because our new instruments may be reaching out so far into space that we may soon be able to speak with more confidence. I am going to set out the problem as I see it, and I hope you will get an idea of these vast cosmological issues and of the implications of the alternative solutions which lie ahead. At the end I shall tell you what I think about it all as an ordinary human being.

We have seen that observational astronomy tells us about the universe as it exists out to distances of about two thousand million light years. At that distance we are seeing the universe as it existed two thousand million years ago. Within this vast area of space and time we can study the innumerable stars and galaxies and from these observations we can attempt to infer the probable nature and extent of the cosmos beyond the range of observations.

I think there are three stages in which we might consider this problem. The first stage is to inquire whether the observations are likely to be extended in the future to even greater distances and thereby penetrate even further into past history than the present two thousand million years. The second stage is an appeal to cosmological theory, an inquiry as to the extent to which

the present observations agree with any particular cosmology and the nature of the past and future as predicted by these theories. Finally, we shall reach a stage where theories based on our present conceptions of physical laws have nothing further to say. At this point we pass from physics to metaphysics, from astronomy to theology, where the corporate views of science merge into the beliefs of the individual.

The vast region of space and time enclosed by the present observations includes several hundred million galaxies of stars. As far as we can see, the overall large-scale structure of the universe within these limits has a high degree of uniformity. When we look at these distant regions we find that the light is reddened, indicating that the galaxies are receding from us. As far as we can see, the red shift of the most distant nebulae is still increasing linearly with distance. There is no indication that we are seeing anything but a small part of the total universe. However, in the second stage of our inquiry we shall see that an observational test between rival cosmological theories demands a still further penetration and an extension of the present observational limit is a matter of some urgency in cosmology. Unfortunately there are fundamental difficulties introduced by the recession of the galaxies which no device of man will ever surmount. At the present observable limit of the large optical telescopes the galaxies are receding with a speed of about one-fifth of the velocity of light. From this aspect alone we face a limit to future progress. Even if no other effects intervened we could never obtain information about those

further regions of space where the velocities of recession of the galaxies reach the speed of light. The light from the more distant galaxies will never reach us. In Eddington's phrase: 'Light is like a runner on an expanding track with the winning post receding faster than he can run'.

There are, moreover, further difficulties which will hinder the approach to this fundamental limit. If the remote galaxies were stationary then all the light emitted, say, in one second would reach our telescopes. But the galaxies are moving away with speeds which are an appreciable fraction of the velocity of light, and as the speed increases less and less of the light actually emitted by the galaxies in one second reaches our instruments. This degradation of the intensity of the light coupled with the accompanying shift in wavelength to the red end of the spectrum worsens still further the technical difficulties of these observations.

### Observable Horizon

The radio telescopes may well be in a stronger position with respect to these hindrances. To begin with, the collisions of galaxies, which I described in an earlier lecture, generate very powerful radio emissions, and the shifts in wavelength which accompany the recession do not present the same observational difficulties as in the optical case. In fact the present belief is that many of the objects already studied by their radio emissions lie at distances which exceed considerably the present two thousand million light years' limit of the optical telescopes. Therefore, we can I think answer the first stage of our inquiry with some degree of certainty in the following way. The present observable horizon of the universe will be pushed back by a limited amount in the near future, perhaps to a few thousand million light years. Then we must be content. No further strivings or inventions of man will enable us to probe the conditions that existed in epochs of history beyond these few thousand million years. They are gone for ever beyond the fundamental limits of observability.

At this point we reach the second stage of our inquiry where we appeal to cosmological theory. The question is this. Can we formulate a theory in terms of known physical laws whose predictions agree so well with the present observable universe that we can predict the past and future?

Indeed, when we turn to the cosmological theories which are today seriously considered by astronomers, we find a most absorbing state of affairs. Not one but several theories can explain from acceptable postulates the present observable state of the universe. These predictions bring us face to face with the ultimate problem of the origin of the universe in ways which are startlingly different. But the new techniques in astronomy may be on the verge of producing observational data which may be decisively in favour of one or other of these cosmologies. At least one of these alternatives would, I think, present theology with a very serious dilemma. In fact if the full implications of the theory eventually receive the support of astronomical observations it is difficult to see how certain fundamental doctrines could be maintained in their present harmonious relation with our physical knowledge of the universe.

### Evolutionary Models

First of all, though, I want to discuss the cosmological theories which are generally classed as the evolutionary models of the universe. I think it would be correct to say that these theories, which are a consequence of Einstein's general theory of relativity, are regarded with the most favour by the majority of contemporary astronomers. In passing perhaps I should add that in the light of our present knowledge it does not seem worth while discussing for our present purpose any of the cosmological theories which preceded the introduction of the theory of general relativity in 1915. The application of Newton's theory of gravitation, in which the attraction between bodies varies inversely as the square of their distance apart, to the large-scale structure of the universe would require that the universe had a centre in which the spatial density of stars and galaxies was a maximum. As we proceed outwards from this centre the spatial density should diminish, until, finally, at great distances it should be succeeded by an infinite region of emptiness. The observed uniformity in the large-scale structure of the universe is clearly at variance with

these ideas. Neither does any theory based on Newton's laws of universal attraction and conservation of mass offer hope of explaining the observed expansion and recession of the nebulae. On the other hand, in Einstein's theory of general relativity gravitation is not explained in terms of a force but of the deformation of space near massive bodies. In our ordinary life we treat space as though it were flat, or Euclidean, in the sense that the geometrical properties obey the axioms of Euclid as we were taught in school. For example, the three angles of a triangle add up to two right angles. According to Einstein's theory, however, these simple conceptions must be abandoned, and though in ordinary circumstances the differences are insignificant, nevertheless when we consider the properties of space near a massive star, for example, the conceptions of a flat space no longer apply.

Einstein attempted to apply his new ideas of the gravitational curvature of space-time to the universe as a whole. In this case the curvature of space would be influenced not only by one star but by countless stars and galaxies. However, in the large scale view, as we have seen, the distribution has a high degree of uniformity, and the problem of the overall curvature of space can be related to the average density of the matter in the universe. In working out the equations Einstein was unable to find any solution which described a static universe. We must remember that this was a decade before the discovery of the recession of the nebulae, and any cosmological theory which did not provide for a static cosmos could have been little more than a curiosity.

### The Cosmical Constant

Faced with this dilemma, Einstein realized in 1917 that the difficulties could be surmounted by the introduction of a new term in his equations. This is the famous  $\Lambda$  term, or the cosmical constant, over which there was to be so much future dispute. This new term appears in the equations as an arbitrary universal constant. Its interpretation in terms of a physical model of the universe is that it introduces an effect analogous to repulsion. This cosmic repulsion increases with the distance between bodies and is to be regarded as superimposed on the usual forces of Newtonian attraction. Thus at great distances the repulsion outweighs the attraction, and in the equilibrium condition the Newtonian attraction and cosmical repulsion are in exact balance.

We cannot follow in detail the subsequent developments, which are of the utmost complexity. In fact, now it has for long been realized that the equations of general relativity cannot define a unique universe. For the past thirty years cosmologists have sought for arguments based on the observed characteristics of the universe which would identify the actual universe with one of the theoretical models.

All that I propose to do here is to give some examples of these evolutionary models, one of which is today believed by many cosmologists to describe the past history with some degree of certainty. The first example is a solution discovered by the Abbé Lemaître in 1927 and developed by Eddington. I have already said that by introducing the cosmical constant Einstein was able to specify a static condition of the universe in which the Newtonian attraction and cosmical repulsion are in exact balance. However, this equilibrium is unstable. If something upsets the balance so that the attraction is weakened, then cosmical repulsion has the upper hand and an expansion begins. As the material of the universe separates, the distance between the bodies becomes greater, the attraction still further weakens, the cosmical repulsion ever increases, and the expansion becomes faster. On the other hand, if the equilibrium was upset in the other way, so that the forces of attraction became superior, then the reverse would occur and the system would contract continuously. Eddington's view was that in the initial stage the universe consisted of a uniform distribution of protons and electrons, by our standards very diffuse. This proton-electron gas comprised the entire primeval universe which would have had a radius of about a thousand million light years. At some stage an event or series of events must have occurred in this diffuse gas which determined that the universe was launched on a career of expansion and not contraction. There were many views as to how this might have happened. Eddington held that the accumulation of irregularities in the gas started the evolutionary tendency. Soon, condensations

formed in the gas and those ultimately became the galaxies of stars.

In the light of modern knowledge this theory receives little support. The time scale of its evolution is too short, and one cannot find a compelling reason why the primeval gas should have been disturbed in such a way as to determine that the universe was launched on a career of expansion rather than contraction. The initial condition is a special case, ephemeral and fortuitous. As far as the laws of physics are concerned one can only say that by chance the initial disturbances were such as to determine the history of the universe. One cannot feel very happy that such a chance occurrence some thousands of millions of years ago should have determined the fundamental features of the universe. Moreover, although originally the theory as expounded by Jeans and Eddington undoubtedly had attractive features for some theologians, I feel now that this might well have been enhanced by feelings of relief that the vastness, uniformity, and organization of the universe which had just been revealed still remained outside the conceivable laws of physics in its initial state. Indeed, when considering these initial conditions Jeans spoke in terms of 'the finger of God agitating the ether', implying a divine intervention at a predictable time in past history after which the laws of physics became applicable. This degree of familiarity with divine processes is, I think, undesirable theologically, and for science it evades the problem by obscuring the ultimate cosmological issue.

Moreover, there is another problem which must be faced. The event which we have considered in the unstable static assemblage of primeval gas predetermined the subsequent history of the universe. One must still inquire how long the gas existed in this condition of unstable equilibrium and how the primeval gas originated. Science has nothing to say on this issue. Indeed, it seems that the theory requires the exercise of yet another divine act at some indeterminate time before the occurrence which set off the gas on its career of condensation and expansion.

Of course this particular model is now of little more than historical interest—as being one of the first of the evolutionary theories based on general relativity to receive serious attention. It provides, however, a remarkable example of the influence in cosmology of the predilection of the individual. When faced with the various possible cosmological models which we have outlined, Eddington said: 'Since I cannot avoid introducing this question of a beginning, it has seemed to me that the most satisfactory theory would be one which made the beginning not too un-aesthetically abrupt. This condition can only be satisfied by an Einstein universe with all the major forces balanced'. He continues: 'Perhaps it will be objected that, if one looks far enough back, this theory does not really dispense with an abrupt beginning, the whole universe must come into being at one instant in order that it may start in balance. I do not regard it in that way. To my mind undifferentiated sameness and nothingness cannot be distinguished philosophically'. In this way Eddington attempted to rationalize the basis on which to build the universe.

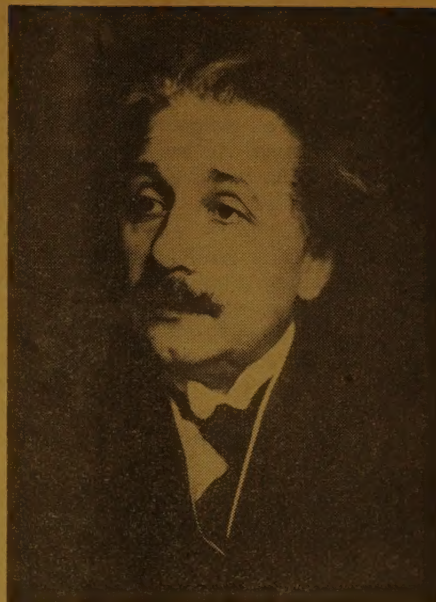
I have already mentioned the Abbé Lemaître. His original work in 1927, published in a little-known journal, was discovered by Eddington. Although Eddington remained faithful to this idea that the universe evolved from the static but unstable Einstein universe, the conception was soon abandoned by Lemaître himself. For the past twenty-five years Lemaître's name has been associated with another model whose

origin recedes even further back in time than the static Einstein state. Of all cosmologies it is, perhaps, by far the most thoroughly studied. We shall see later that during the last few years a tremendous clash has occurred with other opinions, but at the present time there are no known features of the observable universe which are incompatible with Lemaître's evolutionary cosmology. Lemaître's model is typical of one of the groups of theories inherent in general relativity, according to which the universe originated at a finite time in the past and expands to an infinite size at an infinite future time.

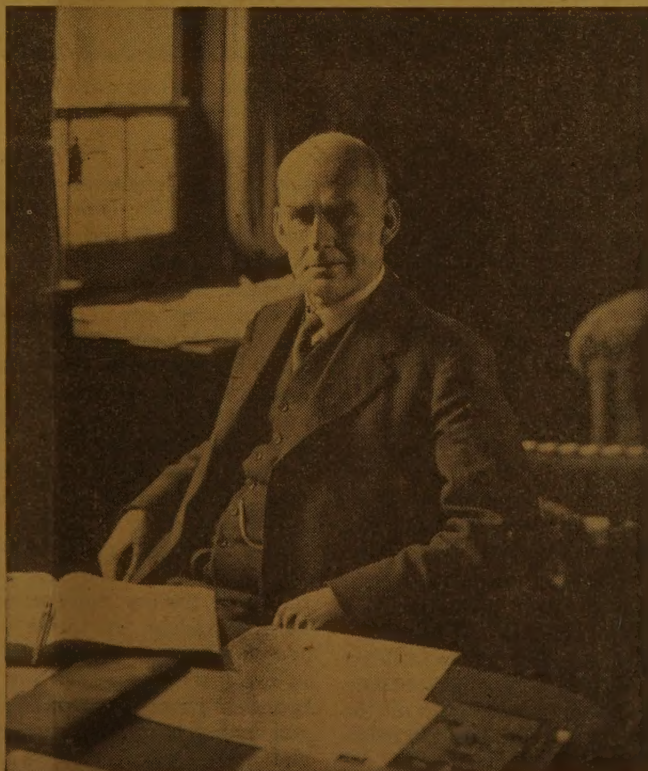
Perhaps we can most easily visualize this conception by taking the universe as we see it now and inquiring quite simply what might have been the situation long ago. The observations of the distant galaxies show that their light and radio emission are shifted in wavelength so that as received on the earth the light is redder and the radio waves longer in wavelength than those which are actually emitted. The interpretation of this shift is that we are separating from the galaxies at a very high speed, and that the speed of recession increases as we move out into space. At the limits of present-day observation the speed of recession is about thirty-seven thousand miles per second, which is a fifth of the velocity of light. The observation which gives us this figure is of a cluster of galaxies in Hydra photographed in the 200-inch telescope. The so-called cosmological principle which is inherent in Lemaître's theory implies that if human beings equipped with

similar instruments existed on a planet in this Hydra cluster of galaxies then they would see the cluster of galaxies to which we belong at the limit of their powers of observation and the velocity of recession would also be thirty-seven thousand miles per second. It is important to rid ourselves of any idea that because all round us we find galaxies in recession, then we are the centre of the recessional movement. This is not the case. It is an impression which we obtain because we can see only a small part of the total universe.

To return to this cluster of galaxies in Hydra. We are now seeing it as it was two thousand million years ago, moving away at a rate of thirty-seven thousand miles a second. What is the likely past history of this and all other similar galaxies? Up to a point this question is not too difficult to answer. For example, a minute ago we were ten million miles closer to this cluster than we are now. A year ago we were a light year closer, or nearly six billion miles. If we recede back into



Albert Einstein (1879-1955)



Sir Arthur Eddington (1882-1944)

history in this manner we realize that the galaxies such as Hydra which are now almost beyond our view must have been very much closer to us in the remote past. In fact if we proceed in this way, then we reach a time of about eight or nine thousand million years ago when all the galaxies must have been very close together indeed. Of course the galaxies themselves have evolved during this time but the primeval material from which they were formed must have existed in a space which is very small compared with the universe today.

With important reservations which I shall deal with now, this in essence is the fundamental concept of Lemaître's theory, namely that the universe originated from a dense and small conglomerate which Lemaître calls the primeval atom. I shall return in a moment to the conditions which might have existed at the beginning, and to the possible events which might have initiated the disruption and expansion of the primeval atom. It is in fact necessary to emphasize that the theory does not demand the formation of the galaxies in the first phase of the expansion. The primeval atom contained the entire material of the universe and its density must have been inconceivably high—at least a hundred million tons per cubic centimetre. The initial momentum of the expansion dispersed this material, and after thousands of millions of years the conditions applicable to the so-called Einstein universe would have been reached. Then the size of the universe was about a thousand million light years and the density would have been comparable to that with which we are familiar on earth. According to Lemaître, at this stage the initial impetus of the expansion was nearly exhausted and the universe began to settle down into the nearly static condition which we have previously considered, where the forces of gravitational attraction and cosmical repulsion were in balance. The mathematical treatment indicates that the universe must have stayed for a long time in this condition. It is during this phase that the great clusters of galaxies began to form from the primeval material. Then the conditions of near equilibrium were again upset, the forces of cosmical repulsion began to win over those of gravitational attraction, and the universe was launched on the career of expansion which after nine thousand million years brought it to the state which we witness today.

The time scale determined by tracing back the past history of the galaxies brings us not to the beginning of time and space, but merely to a condition which existed a few thousand million years ago when the universe was probably about one tenth of its present size and consisted of the original gaseous clouds from which the clusters of galaxies began to form. The processes of the formation and evolution of the galaxies from this early stage are the subject of very detailed mathematical treatment. There is, at present, every reason to believe that a satisfactory explanation of the evolution of the universe from that condition can be given in terms of the known laws of physics.

But when we pass on to consider the even earlier stages, difficulties and uncertainties appear. How much further do we have to

go back in time to the condition of the primeval atom? The theory does not determine this with any precision, because the delay which the universe suffered during the equilibrium phase when the gaseous clouds were forming into galaxies cannot be specified. One can, however, say this—that the explosion or disintegration of the primeval atom must have occurred between twenty thousand million and sixty thousand million years ago. In other words the period of about nine thousand million years ago, when the galaxies began to form and the present period of expansion began, represents a comparatively recent phase in the history of the universe.

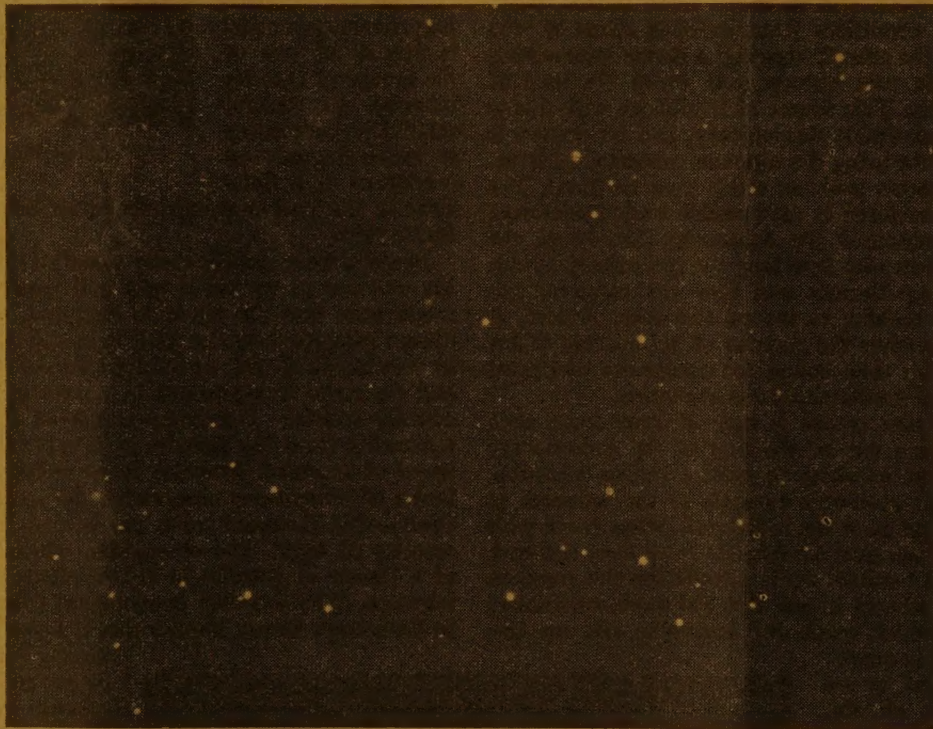
In my next and last lecture I shall talk about the alternative view which science can offer on the origin of the universe, but before doing this I want to dwell a moment on the implications of this evolutionary theory. The time scale, although vast, is conceivable in human terms. From the initial moment of time when the primeval atom disintegrated, astronomy and mathematics can attempt to describe the subsequent history of the universe to the state which we observe today. Moreover there is every chance that in the foreseeable future man will produce experimental tests which will either substantiate or destroy this picture. But when we inquire what the primeval atom was like, how it disintegrated, and by what means and at what time it was created, we begin to cross the boundaries of physics into the realms of philosophy and theology. The important thing at that stage is what you and I think about this situation, this beginning of all time and space.

As a scientist, I cannot discuss this problem of the crea-

tion of the primeval atom because it precedes the moment when I can ever hope to infer from observations the conditions which existed. If, indeed, the universe began in this way, then the concepts of space and time with which we deal originated at some moment between twenty thousand million and sixty thousand million years ago. Time in the sense of being measured by any clock did not exist before that moment, and space in the sense of being measured by any yardstick was contained entirely within the primeval atom. The vast regions of space which we survey today are just a small part of those which were originally the space of that small conglomerate.

We can, of course, speculate on the issues of the creation of the primeval atom and its initial condition, but it is the philosopher who must first build a scheme which is self-consistent and which leads us smoothly into the beginning of space-time where the mathematician can take over. Or one can simply refuse to discuss the question. If we wish to be materialistic, then we adopt the same attitude of mind as the materialist adopts in more common situations. The materialist will begin in the present case at the initiation of space-time when the primeval atom disintegrated. That simply evades the problem, and in my last lecture I shall describe some alternative theories and the kind of framework which might eventually form a metaphysical scheme before the beginning of time and space.

—Home Service



A cluster of galaxies in Hydra, photographed by the 200-inch telescope at Mount Palomar: 'We are now seeing it as it was two thousand million years ago, moving away at a rate of thirty-seven thousand miles a second'

# Gunpowder in Asian Politics

By HUGH TINKER

**T**HE traveller from peaceful England feels himself surrounded by an atmosphere of gunpowder'. Lord Bryce visited India during the eighteen-eighties, and this was his impression of the basis of British imperial rule. The smell of gunpowder has become much more intense in southern Asia during the last few months. In both Pakistan and Burma, parliamentary government has given way to direct rule by the commanders-in-chief of the armed forces. Ceylon has had the unprecedented experience of military control throughout the island, though civil government has continued in name. Thailand, where general elections were held last year, and which seemed to be moving towards representative government, has returned to open military dictatorship. A full-scale rebellion in Indonesia, although largely quenched, smoulders on in the remoter islands. Only in India has parliamentary government suffered no setback, and thoughtful Indians will admit that in one area, Kashmir, the army is the actual power behind the administration.

Yet this 'government by the generals' does not, I think, prove that democracy has failed in southern Asia. In Thailand, for example, democracy has never been tried. Let us consider whether there are certain threads which run through the experience of these different countries to make at least some sort of pattern.

The convention that soldiers, like civil servants, have a job to do as professional, non-political servants of the nation, obeying the instructions of the elected representatives of the people, has never really been accepted among the military powers of Europe. There has always been an opposed tradition, sedulously cultivated in military society, that the army represents the ultimate repository of

military authority was, in the past, largely meaningless. The monarch was absolute: spiritual and temporal head of his people, and commander-in-chief of his armies. In most Asian lands, he who controlled the army possessed the throne. When a monarch died, the successful claimant was always he who could command

the support of the army. Royal governors and district officers, like the counts of medieval Europe, usually had titles that were military in origin, and their authority rested upon control of military levies.

The blurring of the distinction between civil and military continued under British and other European colonial rule. Those who laid the foundations of British administration in Asia were often soldiers; they played a part as district officers, higher civil servants, governors; while almost all the technical men—doctors, engineers, and the like—were army officers. In the background, the Indian Army kept the peace from Aden and Mombasa to Singapore and Hong Kong. No wonder Lord Bryce smelt gunpowder! But, after all, there is no separate British militarist tradition, and these 'military civilians' aspired to be English country squires rather than Junkers. The gunpowder was there: but it seldom went off bang.

A political tradition that was overwhelmingly civilian grew up with the new professional middle class which emerged as a product of British rule. In all the lands of southern Asia—India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Burma, and Malaya—the founders of

independence were predominantly lawyers, with some business men, university professors, journalists, and school teachers. They had the opportunity to present their political demands in legislatures, municipalities, the press, and the courts of law, and to them political power was associated with these institutions. Soldiers

were beings who were objectionable as the minions of the colonial régime, but who were only noticed when called out in aid of the civil power during a riot or some natural disaster. In Indonesia, the process was much the same. The new professional middle class was much smaller and its opportunities for political activity much more limited, but still the leaders of the national movement were intellectuals, civilians; adherents of the pen, not the sword.



General Ayub Khan, Commander-in-Chief of the Pakistan Army.



General Ne Win, Prime Minister of Burma and Commander-in-Chief of the Burmese armed forces



Field-Marshal Sarit Thanarat, Commander-in-Chief of the Thai Army

Thailand was never under colonial rule. No important middle class evolved. The reins of government remained in the hands of the king; the Ministers and provincial governors were all princes of the blood royal. Commerce was controlled by foreigners, mainly Chinese. The overthrow in 1932 of what a Marxist would call this 'feudalist' régime was brought about by a few intellectuals, supported by a group of young army officers. These officers came from non-aristocratic families. Most of their leaders, like Pibul Songgram, received their cadet training in France: they were virtually the only effective force in contact with European ideas and techniques. Thailand is therefore rather like Egypt and Iraq in having been ruled till recently by entrenched 'feudal' families, in having no important professional middle class and no genuine representative institutions through which political demand might be channelled. The non-aristocratic officers in the army do have at least some claim to represent the will of the people.

### Effects of Japanese Invasion

Political development was given a decisive twist by the Japanese invasion. There is a clear difference between the south-east Asian countries which underwent this experience, and India, Pakistan, and Ceylon, which were never overrun by the Japanese. In the occupied countries a certain amount of 'spasmodic resistance' was organized. This assumed much greater proportions after the Japanese defeat. The resistance groups, often with Japanese connivance or assistance, actively opposed the return of the former European rulers. A new mystique was created by the liberation movements. For the people of south-east Asia political activity became identified with the gun and the grenade. When independence was achieved it was often a toss-up whether a resistance leader decided to make his career in the army or in parliament. This crossing of the political wires had many repercussions in politics.

Some ambitious battalion commanders in Burma made a bid in 1948 to seize hold of the government. Fortunately, they were defeated, and slowly the army was purged of political elements. Led by its commander, General Ne Win, and with the encouragement of the prime minister, U Nu, it came to accept a non-political role. In Malaya, by their own misjudgment, the guerrillas were first largely disarmed, and then isolated from general nationalist activity. Forced into the jungle and labelled as bandits, they have been out-manoeuvred by the constitutional politicians in the attainment of sovereign political power. Some of the resistance fighters in Indonesia became guerrillas after independence; some joined the new Indonesian Army and tried to settle into the professional role which, to them, went with the idea of democracy. India, Pakistan, and Ceylon did not have this problem. On attaining independence they took over forces which had boasted a century of tradition and professional pride in being mercenary soldiers in the best sense. It was fondly believed by the new civilian rulers that the armed forces would have only a minor part to play. Congress had always insisted that the old Indian Army was inflated far beyond India's needs to carry out the work of British imperialism.

Yet every country in the area, except Ceylon, was compelled to call upon the services to maintain law and order with their arms. Instead of reducing the forces taken over from the former rulers, these were expanded and strengthened. Everywhere, recourse was had to the army to solve political problems. In India, the liquidation of recalcitrant princely states was only achieved by military means, while the dispute with Pakistan over Kashmir, and the decision of both nations to give high priority to defence have had immense political repercussions, domestic and foreign. Indonesia could bring the dissident islands of the Great East under the control of the centre only by military and naval action. Of Burma, it is not too much to say that national unity was only preserved because of the army. In each of these lands the army leaders asserted their loyalty to parliament and to democracy. There is little doubt of the sincerity of their declarations. Yet within a few years they have dabbled at the political game. How has this happened?

All the armies of southern Asia owe something to the Hindu caste system, to the idea of the *ksatriya*, the hereditary warrior. The European powers when they raised their Asian armies took

over this concept of the 'martial classes'. In India the British came to recruit mainly from the tough peasantry of the north-west, and from the Gurkhas and the Rajputs. The Dutch enlisted the Menado of Celebes and warriors of Ambon, or Amboyna. The Ambonese regiments have now been disbanded (they were too loyal to their Dutch masters) and in Burma the 'loyal' Karens have disappeared from the muster-rolls, but the concept of the warlike races still lingers on. Thailand is the only exception, with national military conscription. Indonesia draws heavily upon the Batak and Menangkabau of Sumatra. Burma relies largely upon the Kachin and Chin hill tribes. By far the greater number of soldiers in the Malayan Army come from the country Malays, with only small numbers of Indians and Chinese. Pakistan, whose men provided so many of the sepoys of the old Indian Army, still looks to Punjabis, Pathans, and Baluchis; India to Sikhs, Gurkhas, Rajputs, and Marathas. This regional or racial concentration can obviously be dangerous when a regional dispute arises. The Indonesian rebellion became such a threat because Batak or Menangkabau battalions in their home areas provided a rallying-point for local grievances. This could happen elsewhere. The Government of India has been particularly careful to conciliate the unruly Sikh political leaders, in part to avoid trouble in the Sikh regiments.

Against this regionalism must be set the national spirit of the officer class. Although several armies are weighted in favour of regional groups, they have almost everywhere adopted a national, unified outlook which is far in advance of the parish-pump attitude of most Asian rank-and-file politicians. The army officer will, during his career, be stationed in many different parts of his country. He will have as his comrades men of separate dialects and faiths. He will be conscious of doing a job of national significance. In this technical age he will become increasingly a technician, a professional. Men like these have become involved in politics only as a last resort after the politicians have brought on situations which involved the army. Cabinet making and breaking in Indonesia became mixed up with purely military matters. The goal of a compact professional army clashed with the politicians' desire to continue the militia forces formed of their henchmen. Attempts were made to influence the higher command by packing off senior officers abroad as military attachés.

### Half-hearted Rebels

These manoeuvres came on top of the regional grievances of Sumatra and the outer islands. In the end, there was defiance of central authority by local area commanders. But they were half-hearted rebels: the Sumatran units retreated without a struggle before the forces sent from Java. The rebel officers were too conscious that they were wrong to oppose the government with force, to succeed.

By contrast, in Pakistan and Burma there is an assurance that only army intervention can halt a national collapse. The present Burma situation has come about in part because the army came to feel that political considerations were leading to a national breakdown. The government scheme of local town and village defence by volunteers, the *Pyu Saw Hti*, had been exploited by local political bosses to build up their own 'private armies' which were creating gangster rule for political ends. This year, U Nu has attempted to get the rebel Communists and others to surrender by negotiation. This has made necessary the suspension of all security drives and led to a recrudescence of terrorist activity. In these circumstances, U Nu was offered strong hints that he should step aside and let the army clean up the mess.

In Pakistan also, the politicians have proved unable to maintain law and order. In Punjab in 1953 there were widespread riots, fostered by fanatical religious elements, which eventually led to anarchy in Lahore and other towns. The Ministers who should have given orders to the police stood aside and issued party political statements. Order was restored only when the army took over. The next year, following elections in East Bengal, there was a similar collapse, with riots, arson, and murder everywhere. The army had to step in and impose martial law. On both occasions the civil government was eventually restored, but the politicians continued to behave cynically, corruptly, irresponsibly. The latest army takeover was precipitated by yet another cabinet crisis which promised to lead to complete breakdown.

The contrast between the assurance now shown by the military in Pakistan and Burma, compared with the diffidence of the Sumatran leaders, is striking. It still remains true that in southern Asia the initiative in national leadership lies with a middle class that is civilian in outlook; trained in the universities and at the law; looking to parliamentary government as something natural, native (as one may say) to their own society. All this provides a real basis for the nourishment of democracy which is almost totally lacking in the Middle East. There (outside Israel and Turkey), the authoritarian tradition of government is nowhere seriously questioned by a powerful, professional middle class. But one cannot be complacent, even about Ceylon and India. Launching a military coup in the climate of Asian democracy today is rather like introducing smoking for girls into a strict Victorian family. The eldest daughter puffs her cigarette in agonies of conscience. The second feels daring, too. By the time the third and fourth are at it, smoking has become *de rigueur*. So, after four military coups in two months we now hear talk in the Ceylon parliament of a military coup—or rather a police coup—as the Ceylon Army is only about one brigade strong.

There is still no upsurge of military dictatorship in southern Asia. But the atmosphere is changing. Army commanders will no longer stand aside when politicians show themselves unworthy. In particular, if politicians attempt to meddle in purely military

matters, or if they demonstrate that they are unable to preserve the fabric of law and order, there is likelihood of intervention. Where the army has descended into the political arena it will not find it so easy to withdraw to the old seat in the grandstand. Pakistan in particular may be in for an experience like that of Turkey under Ataturk. But belief in democracy in southern Asia should not be underrated. Performance may not have attained the ideal envisaged by enthusiasts before independence, but ten years is too short a time to transform attitudes shaped over centuries.

Some foreign observers are glad to see army rule. They admire the discipline, self-control, and moderation of the army leaders. The senior officers of Pakistan, India, and Ceylon—so immaculately turned out, so genial, so redolent of all that is best in Sandhurst and Camberley—are particularly reassuring. But for my part I put my money on the less sartorially presentable Asian products of the London School of Economics. Conversation with one senior Asian army commander who had visited Communist China was particularly revealing. No flies, no offal, no pariah dogs. The trains all ran to time. In short, the people were all so obedient. No doubt it is an excellent thing that barracks shall be swept and whitewashed, and soldiers respond to the word of command with unified, automatic precision. But the warm-hearted people of southern Asia deserve a better fate than to inhabit one vast barrack square.—*Third Programme*

## A Decisive Answer in West Berlin

By RICHARD O'RORKE, Assistant Head of the B.B.C.'s German Service

**M**R. KHRUSHCHEV will derive little comfort from the results of the elections for the City Parliament in West Berlin, held against the background of renewed threats to West Berlin's independent status. The leaders of the two main parties, the Social Democrats and the Christian Democrats, urged all West Berliners to show on Sunday what they thought of Mr. Khrushchev's proposals. The answer could hardly have been clearer.

In the first place, the poll was exceptionally heavy. Ninety-four per cent. of those entitled to vote did so. That figure is a record for any election held in West Berlin since the city was split by Soviet action nearly ten years ago. The second striking point about the results is the complete failure of the East German Communist Party. In the Federal Republic the Communist Party has for some time been banned. But this ban does not apply to Berlin; and so in these elections Herr Ulbricht's party was able to compete on equal terms against the Western parties. The whole weight of the Communist propaganda machine was thrown into the election; and prominent Communists came to speak at election meetings in West Berlin. The result? The Communists polled just over 30,000 votes out of a total of more than 1,500,000; and their percentage of the total vote fell from the already low 1954 figure of 2.7 per cent. to 1.9 per cent.

No amount of Communist propaganda can explain away this débâcle. Claims that the electorate was 'terrorized' and did not dare to express its true feelings are absurd. Not a week, not a day passes without their being brought face to face with the stream of refugees from the Soviet Zone where Herr Ulbricht's rule is absolute.

But the result of the elections was also a tremendous vote of confidence in the two big parties, the Social Democrats and Christian Democrats, who have formed a coalition government in West Berlin for the last ten years. Between them they polled 90 per cent. of all the votes, both making gains at the expense of the smaller parties and thereby emphasizing a trend which has been increasingly noticeable in West German politics during the past two years. Above all, the election has been a personal triumph for the young Social Democrat mayor of Berlin, Herr Willy Brandt. Despite the personal intervention against him of the Federal Chancellor, Dr. Adenauer, in the last stages of the campaign, his party won more than half the total votes cast and

will remain much the stronger party in the coalition which, Herr Brandt has said, will be continued.

There can be little doubt that the increased Social Democrat vote was, to a considerable extent, a tribute to the effective way in which Herr Brandt has championed the cause of free Berlin over the past years. Like his famous Socialist predecessor, Professor Reuter, he is coming gradually to symbolize for many West Berliners their determination to remain free.

The wider issues at stake in yesterday's West Berlin elections were well summed up in a sermon preached on Sunday by Bishop Dibelius, Head of the Lutheran Church in both the Federal Republic and the Soviet Zone. Bishop Dibelius commented on Mr. Khrushchev's proposals in these terms: 'The Church of Jesus Christ must utter a warning against the bringing of new violence into the world', he said. The plan wanted to introduce new conditions for 2,000,000 people in West Berlin and in addition, as was being openly said, for 50,000,000 people in West Germany. 'It is proposed to do this without asking whether these people want these new conditions. Yet the Gospel teaches that God wants free men and not slaves, for faith can only flourish where a man is free to make his own decisions. Freedom is the only road to peace'.

The electors of West Berlin have shown that they realize as clearly as Bishop Dibelius what is at stake; and the decisiveness of their answer to his proposals can hardly be lost even on Khrushchev himself.—*From a talk in the European Services*

### FOG OVER FERNEY

a fantasy

What would Voltaire think and do if he came  
back to earth today?

In THE LISTENER next week

E. M. FORSTER

will try to answer this question

# The Listener

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## Re-enter the Hoop

‘WHAT’S wrong with Black?’ asked Gerald Abrahams recently in a chess talk that we print today from Network Three. His *cri de cœur* rises to the microphone from the kind of thoughtful hum that is heard round the chess board in schools and by home fire-sides at this time of the year. Wherever chess is played, the old preference is heard (‘Bags White: Fains Black or Red!’) and the merits of holding the White pieces on the board are argued. Where chess is not played, other arguments start to occupy the dark winter evenings. Some struggle to be ‘banker’, others shout noisily for their favourite dice shaker or coloured counters. The season of indoor games has arrived. Fathers and mothers alike can abandon hope. They might as well join in the babel and enjoy the fun. From now on, the floor is bound to be slippery with marbles or choked with pegs, letters, and odd pieces of jig-saw puzzle.

For the young these games are undoubtedly ‘a good thing’, so long as they bring peace of mind rather than strife to those that play them. Chess generally does bring peace of mind. It can have its awkward moments. Alice was never comfortable when she first met the Red Queen, but she soon escaped (by railway) through Queen’s third to a more enjoyable square on the board. Chess is never a fast game. Perhaps that is why the hurt of defeat at it gets submerged in a kind of slow motion, altogether foreign to the atmosphere of racing demon or ping-pong for more than six people. In spite of the magnetism of television it seems that more games than ever are on sale this Christmas in the toy shops. Some are new; some have become British trade names all over the world. With luck, all can still teach a standard of humility and intellectual honesty. Thimbles may not now be hunted for as eagerly as they once were, but the child who sits down first without actually having seen the thimble is an early victim of a fatal disease which one might call ‘games-itis’. First-aid must immediately be given to any child succumbing to such a temptation. A girl doing it might later in life be tempted to poach service and somehow always forget to change ends, when playing a tennis opponent with the sun in her eyes. A boy might end as the kind of chap who shot birds on the ground or—during some military training—pretended his pack and water bottle were full for a route march when they were in fact gloriously empty. No, even indoor games can be disastrous if they are not played in the right spirit, which means that it doesn’t matter tuppence who wins, so long as the rules are kept as a point of honour.

The weeks leading up to Christmas have traditionally been a particular time for two games, the rolling of hoops out of doors and the taking of forfeits within. Alas, forfeits are not what they were. No longer are children or grown-ups to be found on Boxing Day standing in a corner reciting—

Eight flip flap floating fly boats

and so on, down to—

Two toads, totally tired, trying to trot to Tetbury

One old ox opening cysters

But for some the most splendid news of 1958 has been the revival of the hoop. The only strange thing is that instead of it being bowled along the road outside, it appears to have come indoors for exercise by the fire. Is this the influence of television? Or the apparently ever freshening severity of our British winters?

## What They Are Saying

### Elections in France and West Berlin

WHILE BERLIN continued to be a major topic, the results of the French elections also gave rise to many commentaries. From France, M. Soustelle, leader of the Gaullist (U.N.R.) Party, was quoted as saying that his party’s sweeping victory should give the National Assembly a stability it had never known before. *Combat* remarked that as there would be no constructive opposition in the new parliament it was up to the U.N.R. to be constructive themselves. The independent *Le Vingtième Siècle* was quoted as commenting:

This was not a general election but a second referendum. For the first time for many years the vast majority of French people were in agreement on the objectives to be achieved by the nation.

The Communist *l’Humanité* said that thanks to the ‘monstrous’ electoral system and the Socialist Party’s alliance with the right-wing, ‘a fascist majority will dominate the Assembly’. Many newspapers stressed the significance of the Communist Party’s heavy defeat in the elections. The Socialist *Le Populaire* said that the Socialist Party, in spite of winning only forty seats, was ‘more solid than ever’ and would henceforth be ‘the pole of attraction on the left in France’. From the United States *The New York Times*, expressing the view that the French electorate had voted ‘wisely but too well’, was quoted as saying:

The decline of the Socialists, Radical-Socialists, and Popular Republicans to the point where they will be an ineffective Opposition is not good for French parliamentary life. The disappearance of many of the notable, experienced and moderate leaders . . . will impoverish the public scene.

The *New York Herald Tribune*, on the other hand, commented:

The omens are good for de Gaulle as President, and the new Prime Minister, when chosen, to have a strong and successful régime. The elections again confirm the tremendous prestige and power which, in a lesser man, could be dangerous, but which de Gaulle has repeatedly used with incredible skill and with the responsibility of a man devoted to Republican institutions and determined to strengthen them by making them work.

A Moscow broadcast, quoting *Pravda*, said the new French Assembly was, in composition, the most reactionary for a century; and *Izvestia* was quoted as saying that reaction was rearing its head ever higher as the former institutions of ‘bourgeois democracy’ were crumbling. The Socialists were blamed for the division of the left-wing forces. A Moscow broadcast in French declared:

If there are hardly any Communist deputies, there is an important percentage of Communist voters—a fact which the winners of yesterday will have to remember tomorrow.

A Chinese broadcast declared:

The fantastic results of the French elections vividly testify to the falsity of bourgeois democracy. Disillusioned by de Gaulle, the French people will soon see through the real nature of his reactionary rule, rally round the democratic forces of France, and march onwards along the road to revolution.

On December 4 Finland’s coalition government resigned—due, in the opinion of many commentators, to the worsening of relations with Moscow. *The Washington Post* remarked on the light which recent Soviet interference in Finland’s internal affairs threw on Mr. Khrushchev’s promise not to interfere with the ‘free city’ of West Berlin which he has advocated:

Soviet conduct towards Finland furnishes a sordid commentary on the worth of Mr. Khrushchev’s promises of non-interference in the internal affairs of other countries. Since last summer, Moscow has been conducting a relentless economic war against Finland. . . . The pressure seems to stem from Soviet displeasure with certain anti-Communist Socialists in the Finnish cabinet, as well as from the fact that the Communists are not represented in the government.

On December 7, elections were held in West Berlin for a new city parliament. Chief Burgomaster Herr Brandt (who led the Social Democrats) said that people in East and West would judge from the election results how many West Berliners were in favour of the Soviet plan for Berlin.

# Did You Hear That?

## A TRIBUTE TO ERNEST NEWMAN

'THE FIELD IN WHICH Mr. Ernest Newman has done his greatest work', said MARTIN COOPER in 'Music Magazine', 'is that of the nineteenth century, but his approach to music is so objective, his vision apparently so little clouded by personal prejudice or attachments, that it would be hard for an outsider to guess that he is in fact a late contemporary of Verdi, Wagner, Liszt, and Berlioz and of an age with Wolf, Strauss, and Sibelius. Apart from his early book on Gluck, all his chief writing has been devoted to contemporary music—the music of his own contemporaries, that is to say. He has in his time shocked conventional opinion by pointing to weaknesses in the works of Bach and Mozart, but his strictures have never been vague and they have always been based on simple reason rather than on any pet philosophical system.

'Common sense is an ambiguous gift for the critic of any art; for while it enables him to see clearly what is within his range of vision, it reduces that range, often seriously. In Mr. Newman the balance has been largely redressed by his unusual intellectual curiosity and penetration. We have grown so accustomed to these that we hardly realize our debt to him for raising the ideal of music criticism from that of narrow, semi-professional writing or vague literary appreciation to that of an intellectual discipline, which requires a wide general culture and what Sir Arthur Bliss has called "a rare capacity for sifting aesthetic evidence".'

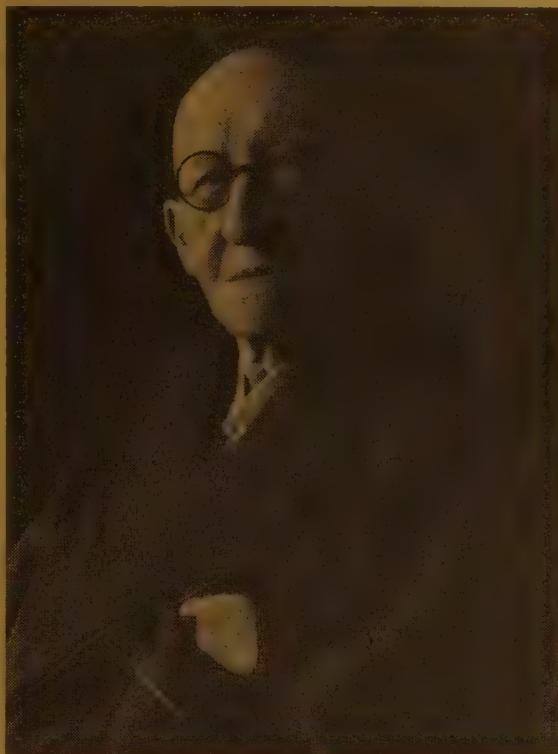
'Like all analytical intelligences, Mr. Newman's is primarily a destructive instrument, and he has used it as mercilessly on Wagnerian myths as on unworthy performances. Not that performance as such has great interest for him, unless it is superlatively good. His philosophical cast of mind is not easily engaged by the particular instance of a performance unless it comes very close to his conception of general truth. When his interest has been aroused, however, it has been characteristically intense, and he has been able to throw light on the artist's unconscious processes.

'Mr. Newman's keen analytical intelligence, philosophical interests, and rigorous canons of taste would have fitted him for the part of a formidable oracle, pontificating aloof and superior to the twentieth century's "common listener". But in fact, although content to be a sharpshooter on the margin of professional musical life in this country, he has been an unfailing champion of the amateur, the common listener. With all the intellectual aristocrat's disdain for professionalism of any kind and a truly Platonic contempt for mere techniques, he has always been able to divest himself in imagination of his learning and experience and to put himself in the position of the ordinary intelligent music lover. He has been aided in this by his years in Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham, his early experience of the business world, and the robust extra-musical tastes which he has preserved and shares with his less intellectual readers—mild gambling at Monte Carlo, backing his fancy in the ring or on the racecourse, the novels of P. G. Wodehouse, and the flavour of a good cigar.

'These tastes have not merely furnished him with an arsenal of witty and unexpected metaphors in his writing. They have also kept him free of infection from a disease that attacks almost all

those who write about the arts—the habit of spinning elaborate intellectual theories, born of words quite as much as ideas and flourishing only where the intellectual life is not refreshed (even perhaps, to mix the metaphor, slightly manured) by regular contact with coarser, grosser, earthier things.

"A writer who truly understands music"—no critic at the end of his life's work could ask for a better tribute than that paid to Mr. Newman by Fritz Kreisler. To understand has been his chief aim, to understand even more than to pass judgment; and this has made him in his old age a generous friend of his younger colleagues and extraordinarily open-minded in his attitude to new music'.



Mr. Ernest Newman, the music critic, who was ninety on November 30: a recent photograph by Allan Chappelow

## OLD AMERICAN POSTERS

The Library of Congress in Washington is at present displaying an anthology of nineteenth-century American posters from the eighteenth-twenties to the eighteen-eighties. In a despatch from Washington, B.B.C. correspondent GERALD PRIESTLAND has compared these old advertisements with the slick, streamlined publicity the United States is giving the world today.

'Can I interest you in a telegraphic fishing apparatus?' he said. 'It consists, to quote the manufacturer, of "a spring jerk and lever trigger over which the fishing line is laid, the parts being secured to a stock in such a manner that when a fish bites at the bait, the lever trigger is disconnected from the spring which, recoiling, jerks the line and thus fastens the hook in the fish's mouth, at the same time a small bell calls attention to the discharged apparatus". Or are portable steam engines more in your line? These valuable and popular machines have been "brought to their present state of perfection"—as the text has

it—a state of perfection which, judging from the picture, would have delighted the late Mr. Heath Robinson, though he, I think, would have regarded the baroque iron work as a little unnecessary. On second thoughts, he might have preferred the "self-propelling undercarriage" for rocking horses.

'Most of these enchanting nineteenth-century posters are in colour lithography, drawn on stone; none of those flat, textureless zinc plates. All of them are quaint and many are gay as well, and if I were an interior decorator I would try to launch a craze for re-printing them and hanging them on people's walls. Their moralizing detail makes them a perfect conversation piece. Take, for example, the luxurious ballroom scene that illustrates Harrison's "Handkerchief Extract", or the fearful explosion destructive of man, beast, and property that is shown as the inevitable consequence of failing to install Ashcroft's Patent Low Water Detector on one's boiler.

'My own favourites are the patent-medicine posters: Dobbin's Vegetable Hair Renewer; Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pills; Compound Extract of Smartweed, which can be used internally against dysentery or externally against the bites of reptiles. All of these bear vivid depictions of the advantages of using the product, the disasters of not using it, or both. Dr. Kelly's Diamond Pectorals—apparently a sort of cough-drop—reached their apotheosis in a touching scene entitled: "Mother is Saved". Walcott's Instant Pain Annihilator is shown routing a troop of demons labelled "Catarrh, Weak Nerves", and so on, who are attempting to

implant in the sufferer's brain a trident bearing the flag of the Southern Confederacy. Like many others, this poster appeared during the Civil War.

'One of the best things about this exhibition is the solemn way the Library of Congress has presented it, with learned little footnotes. One of these, to a scene of cupids frolicking over a set of geometry instruments, earnestly observes that the motif of *putti* playing with the tools of art can be traced back to the Renaissance. And another, to a picture of a man with a tankard on a wheeled beer barrel being drawn by goats, traces this also to Bacchic antiquity, but remarks a little carpingly that "billy goats usually denote brown ale, whereas this advertisement is for lager".'

### SHRIMPING AT SOUTHPORT

'Shrimping goes on all the year round, with the exception of the coldest months of the winter', said NORMAN TURNER in 'The Eye-witness', 'but it is only in the autumn that catches become at all heavy. Even so, for some years it seemed as if the shrimps were disappearing. Catches in the Southport district grew steadily fewer year by year, until some weeks ago when the shrimpers really began to haul them in. Not for a long time had there been such catches, and for those who wanted to make the effort there were records to be broken. One fisherman there returned with a catch that gave him a hundred-weight of shrimps, after the shells had been removed at that.

'No one really knows what makes the shrimps come and go like this. One of the old shrimpers in Marsh Side, the Southport district which is the home of the industry there, thinks that the changing condition of the shore has a good deal to do with it. He remembers when there used to be a good spot for shrimps in the "bog hole", as it was called, off the end of Southport pier. That was when the boats could sail right in and take on passengers, but it is impossible now; the heavy deposits of sand brought in by the tides over the years have filled in the "bog hole" and other good runs close to the shore, and the shrimps now breed further out.

'It takes what this old shrimper called "a good plunge" to bring them in: he meant a nor'wester that shakes them up a bit. You may remember we had some strong westerlies in early October, and those, so he believed, started off this great harvest. Whatever the reason, the results are there; the men who go out shrimping, or "shanking" as it is called locally, had big catches every day.

'The trawling is done from a cart; nets hang from each side on a shank, or a length of wood, across the beam. The horse wades out until the cart is almost floating—naturally, the bigger the horse, the further out you get. The nets are pulled in alternately, to be emptied into the cart. The shrimps are then riddled so that the smallest go back into the sea. Most of the men use a twopence-halfpenny mesh for this, one with slots which just allow two pennies and a halfpenny to pass through at the same time, though one or two prefer a three-penny riddle; this has a slightly bigger mesh, so that only the biggest shrimps are brought back to be boiled and picked. The picking of such large quantities has its own problems, there is no machine yet invented that can remove the shell and still leave the pink flesh of the shrimp intact. So the picking is done by hand, usually by retired

fishermen or housewives who can earn a few shilling in this way.

'Throughout all this busy scene, however, there is one thing that has not changed: like farmers, shrimpers are not overjoyous men: the most you will get out of them is that the fishing is not bad; and they look as unmoved as ever, almost glum, as they return from a day of it'.

### GUESTS

'A guest is distinct from a friend who drops in, whether invited or not', said J. B. BOOTHROYD in 'Today'. 'It is permissible to tell a friend that you hope he has brought enough cigarettes for both of you, and he's got to drink gin because you've only enough whisky for one. He can arrive late or not at all, and go in the same way.

'Guests, in rare cases, can turn into friends—though the transition period is difficult, and fraught with drama at the point where you first decide that you can kiss your guest's wife goodbye. Friends only turn into guests after a period of estrangement, and on the whole never become friends again.

'The custom of having guests is a quaint one, surviving from the times when the population was sparse, and a man felt that he had to see *someone*. This doesn't apply today, when he only has to open his door to see about four hundred people, but the custom drags on, like after-dinner speaking and letting ladies first out of lifts. Through all this, the nature of the guest hasn't changed. He exhibits several inbred characteristics. For one thing, he has a bigger motor-car than yours. For another, he got it cheaper. Thirdly, his wife wants to talk to your wife about



Shrimpers returning from the sea at Southport, Lancashire

cleaning the inside of cookers, whereas your wife wants to talk to him—misguidedly imagining him to be a man of exciting anecdote and glamorous occupation—about yachts and the money market and flying the Atlantic; while you, of course, having already written him off as a deadhead by the cut of his moustache, want to talk to his wife, who is a redhead and hasn't got a moustache, so it wouldn't matter *what* she talked about. But the chief thing about guests is that they won't sit down. I don't know why this is. Perhaps all guests have previously been to houses where the chair-springs poked through and tore their clothes.

'Sometimes you have to sit down first, to show them that your chairs aren't like this. And they will then sit, too. Then you have to get up to get the drinks, and they all get up as well, and lounge by the sideboard so that you can't get the door open. And then they cover up their embarrassment at being asked to move by embarking on long stories about people you've never heard of, and after waiting ten minutes to butt in and take the drink orders you give up and pour your own, and your wife gives you a rocket for shocking manners. But as they never know what they want to drink, and having said sherry suddenly switch to gin-and-French after you've poured out, it would really have been better to tell them where the glasses are and leave them to it.

'When I'm a guest I avoid these errors. I take the best chair, ask for a stiffish Scotch and soda, grab the lady of the house and start straight in with funny stories about my old car. And this, in my opinion, makes for a homely, informal atmosphere, and it surprises me, when I come to think of it, that I don't get asked out as a guest more often'.

# The New Negro in the United States

By RUTH GLASS

**T**HE term 'New Negro' has become a symbol of pride and progress on both sides of the Mason-Dixon line, though Negro leaders use it mainly in talking of their people in the South. No doubt, in its emotive appeal, the symbol is appropriate, and yet it is also deceptive. The prospects of Negro emancipation in the United States are far more ambiguous than the term implies. The more I saw of American Negroes and of their surroundings, last year and again this year, the more I became aware of the contradictions in the social trends in which they are involved. And I have often wondered whether it is in fact possible to draw up a balance sheet of progress at this stage. It is just because the moral advance led by the Federal Courts has been so great, and Southern resistance so dramatic, that other social changes, which are equally important and equally contradictory, tend to be obscured.

All eyes are turned on the battle for integration in the South, where the schools seem to be the main theatre of war. In the North, it is certainly not necessary to fight for the principle of integration in schools or in any other public institutions. But in fact, in the North, too, segregation is common, though there the law says that colour should be invisible. During the last ten years, considerable progress has been made in prohibiting discrimination in employment and in public places. Twelve Northern states have set up commissions against discrimination; and in many cities, too, there are local commissions on civil rights and for fair employment practices. The posters which said 'Negroes and Jews not admitted', or, more politely, 'Restricted area', have had to be taken down. Advertisements for housing which specify 'coloured not wanted' or 'whites only'—advertisements of the kind which we ourselves still tolerate in London local newspapers—are no longer allowed. And though law is not the sole ruler of custom, it would be wrong to think that such measures are of minor importance. On the contrary, in many respects they have been very effective. Minority groups can no longer be humiliated in public: that kind of ugliness has been removed from the

streets and from the press. Negroes now know that they can, and even should, complain about discrimination, and when whites display prejudice, they are left in no doubt that they are doing wrong.

In the North, in both law and administration, efforts to outlaw



White and Negro cadets sitting side by side at West Point military academy

the colour bar become more explicit every day; and yet new barriers are being built up. Indeed, it is in the great urban regions of the United States that segregation is becoming more marked. It is not the fault of the law: it happens as a result of the laissez-faire growth of big cities.

Black cities; white suburbs—that is how the current trend is often summarized. Though it is too glib a generalization as a description of the prospect, it is essentially correct. It even describes the actual picture in some cities, notably Washington D.C. Almost all Negroes outside the South live in the city centres of large metropolitan areas. Their numbers grow both through natural increase and through the influx of other Negroes from the South. Nowadays the city centres are neglected; all the spectacular expansion takes place outside, and so the Negroes are left behind. The vast majority are poor; they cannot afford new housing and, even if they could, they are usually not welcome in new suburban areas. So the shabby black ghettos inside the city core become denser and spread over adjacent decaying districts, while white middle and upper classes settle in the spacious, ever-widening rings of suburbia.

The pattern of 'metropolitan segregation' (as it has been called) has opened a new, and a frightening, chapter of the 'American Dilemma'. Some experts write about it; journalists mention it. But the ordinary Northern suburbanite hears more about events in Arkansas and Virginia, and even about those in Notting Hill, than about the Negro slums nearby.

He certainly has no clear picture of conditions on the Southern side of the Mason-Dixon



Segregation between white and coloured passengers on a bus in Atlanta, Georgia

line. To most people in the North and elsewhere, the Deep South, in particular, is still an unknown country. Occasionally, there is a report in the Northern press of some astounding accusation against a Southern Negro who is prosecuted for raping or assaulting a white woman, or for robbing her, and who gets a bitter sentence. But for every prosecution of this kind that attracts attention, there are many others of which no one ever hears. (It is impossible to say how many; it was by a mere chance I heard of several.)

Sometimes, too, the new opponents of the colour bar—individuals and communities—are in the headlines. But outside the South it is not realized that the fighters against Jim Crow are exceptional: they live in an environment in which Negro helplessness is still the rule. And it is not only the Negro who is still caught in a web of prejudice—a web that has in the Deep South become tighter and more intricate since the Supreme Court decision of 1954. The few white liberals who dare to speak openly against segregation have in some respects a worse time. They are shunned by clients and by neighbours, and they are often threatened so that it takes courage even to answer the telephone. Ostracized by the white community, and compelled by law to remain apart from the Negro community, they live in a social no man's land, supported solely by their own principles of justice. It is a great privilege to meet them.

There are many features in the Southern pattern of segregation of which the world outside hears very little. It is hardly realized how stubborn and how aggressive Jim Crow is in all aspects of Southern life—in politics, in law courts, and in churches; in every public place and in every private home. It is often forgotten that four-fifths of the adult Negroes in the Deep South are still disenfranchized. There is far less concern with their efforts to gain the basic civil right—the right to vote—than with the question of school integration. Indeed, to the outsiders, the system of white supremacy as a whole remains unknown because the spotlight has been turned on one of its institutions—the schools.

### News Out of Context

Every day, several columns or even pages in the big newspapers bring reports on school integration. The news comes so hot and so fast, and the issue is so big, that it seems as though it were indeed the principal signpost on the Negroes' road toward equal citizenship. Seen out of context, it is not only the importance of the school issue that is distorted, but also the strength of the forces on either side. Southern resistance was underrated—certainly until last year when Governor Faubus made it plain, to the surprise of many people in the North. Symptoms of progress are still exaggerated.

In fact, progress has been uneven. In a few of the seventeen Southern States and in the District of Columbia, school integration has proceeded in earnest. But only a small minority—one in eight—of the Negro children in the whole Southern region live in these progressive States. Over two and a half million live in the old Confederacy—in the Deep South and nearby—where the 1954 Supreme Court decision has been opposed 'with all deliberate speed'. In seven 'hard core' States, no Negro child attends a white school. In four other States, a few Negro children have been admitted here and there into a white school. Altogether, nine-tenths of the Negro children in the whole Southern region still go to segregated schools, and there is little prospect of a significant change.

It is true of course social changes of this kind cannot be measured in numbers alone. Even token admissions of Negro children have a meaning, and that is why they so often provoke violent reactions. The important point is that a principle has been established. Yet there is a danger that preoccupation with the principle might divert attention from its application in practice.

Traditionally, the American Negro has expected to find greater equality by moving from South to North, from a rural to an urban home. And he has been right. But now such hopes are often disappointed. In the vast urban black belts of the North, segregation is as complete—some say more complete—than it was in the rural black belts of the Deep South. Suburban whites and urban Negroes live in separate worlds of their own. In general, differences in the living conditions of whites and Negroes have become more striking, with the cumulative effect of maintaining, or even accentuating, inequality of opportunities.

Of course, there are Negroes who escape. The Northern Negro middle class is growing, though both in size and status it is still far inferior to the white middle class. There is an advance—but of all the advances which can be observed, it is this social gain of a small minority which has the most contradictory results. Inevitably, social stratification of the Negro community brings about social divisions within it. And because the community is divided, it is unsure and halting on its way to progress. Very often, for the individual Negro, the move up the social ladder, and out into the suburbs, is indeed an escape, or at least an illusion of escape. He moves out and leaves the others behind.

### Ambition to 'Belong'

It is hardly surprising that he does so. He is a Negro, but he is also an American, and it is his dominant ambition in life to become true to his image of a middle-class American. He has the characteristics and aspirations of the society of which he is a part, even if he is rejected by it. The more he displays the manners of that society, occasionally in an exaggerated form, the easier it is for him to feel that he belongs. Like any American white-collar man, the middle-class Negro, too, thinks of politics in terms of particular local issues; of knowledge in terms of specialized data and skills; of progress in terms of his own individual advance. He is identified with his family and with his immediate neighbourhood—not with a broader, more abstract concept of community.

Perhaps the anonymous middle-class Negro will be able to live happily ever after in the comfort of his concrete small-scale world. But for Negro leaders who have the same tendencies, it is much more difficult. The most far-seeing of these leaders are faced with a dilemma: their success in being middle-class Americans might lead to a failure in asserting the interests of Negro emancipation.

So far, despite all the talk of war over integration—war, civil and uncivil, hot and cold—it has not been at all clear whether there is, in fact, a general staff and whether reliable progress reports are obtainable. The American Negro has many allies: he is supported by social changes near and far. He cannot for long be treated as a second-class citizen in modern industry, and in the great cities which are expanding North and South. He already counts in Northern politics; prosperity cannot by-pass him completely. The Federal Courts with their new constitutional interpretation of equality have shown the way. And Negro emancipation is no longer a domestic issue only. America is concerned with the growing power of Asia and Africa, and cannot be indifferent to their interest in the status of the coloured people of the United States. But none of these influences—except the last, which is apparently the most remote—is wholly on the side of the American Negro. Everyone brings a promise of integration, but also a threat of segregation. Indeed, the contradictions in current trends have become sharper because they have not been recognized. American society, white and Negro—as perhaps any society—has been reluctant to look social and ideological conflict straight in the face.—*Third Programme*

## Message at Parting

I cannot speak you many words,  
My time is short, I must press on,  
Before my theme could be expressed  
The hour would sound I must be gone.

I put it all within a look,  
I put it all within a touch;  
They must in memory be the book  
In which you see my truth was such,

And do not doubt the hieroglyph  
In which my life's report is dressed  
Or cloud with any unbelief  
The me it carries to your breast.

HAL SUMMERS

# A Computer-controlled World?

By ANDREW D. BOOTH

**A**UTOMATIC digital calculators, sometimes called 'electronic brains', are just over a decade old, the first one having been put into service at the end of the second world war. Yet, during this relatively short period, they have grown in stature from being a toy of the pure scientist to form an indispensable adjunct to the atomic age.

Over the past three or four years computer activity has been increasing in tempo so that today we see advertisements for machines, and men to man them, in all of the chief daily newspapers, and there are conferences or exhibitions almost weekly. As an example, during the past three months I have attended a session of our British Association on business applications of computers, an international congress in Madrid; only a week or two ago there was a conference on information retrieval in Washington, and then a symposium on the mechanization of thought processes at our own National Physical Laboratory; and there was lately in London an Electronic Computer Exhibition.

In this country all of the important commercial developments in the computer field originated in one of the four pioneer laboratories: the National Physical Laboratory; Cambridge University; my own laboratory at Birkbeck College in the University of London, and Manchester University; and although industry is now carrying out extensive research into new techniques for computer design, it is still to the pure scientist that we must look for future developments.

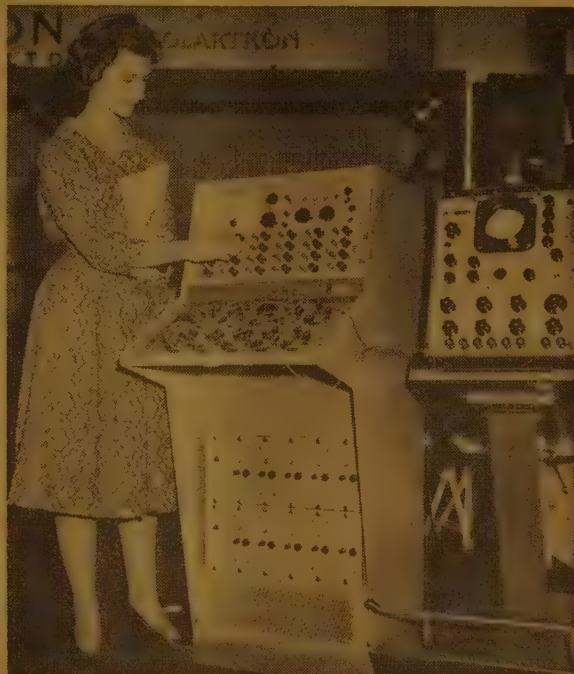
Looking back at the evolution of the machines, we see, first, a relatively long incubation period of about five years between conception and operation—this was caused by an unfortunate underestimate by early designers of the difficulty of producing a reliable store for large quantities of information. The broken promises became so notorious that the period between the present time and the stated completion dates was dignified by the name 'Hartree's Constant'—after the late Douglas Hartree, a pioneer in this field—and this period was always about three months from the time of asking. Since computer design and construction have now lost most of their terrors it might be expected that the Hartree Constant is obsolete; not so, however, because a second universal law is assuming more importance. I think that I was the first to formulate it, although it is now clear that it is a particular case of Parkinson's Law. The computer law states simply that: one technician does one day's work per day, two technicians do one half day's work per day, and three or more do no work at all.

More seriously, however, computers have now grown from the limping and temperamental mazes of dusty wire that haunted dark corners of university laboratories and, when in a good humour, calculated the first few thousand digits of the number  $\pi$ , to gleaming, chromium-plated office-machines that can be relied

on to calculate the Friday payroll during a couple of hours on Thursday afternoon. Not only this, but in our modern technology computers are responsible for the safe stresses in such things as the Britannia and the Comet, and for the peaceful generation of energy in our new atomic-power stations. Diesel-electric engines for our new railways are design-tested before construction by means of a computer programme in which the time of calculation is so short that the real engine would have to run at 6,000 miles an



An all-purpose computer at Birkbeck College, London. The tape coming from the small container on the extreme left is that fed into the machine; the tape from the larger container beside it is the information produced by the machine



The 'Minispace' computer, a device which can 'read' the printed record produced by a cash register and convert it into signals to feed a computer

hour to equal it, and, what is more, a running schedule is provided with the new train which is guaranteed to produce the most advantageous operation. Yet again, the characteristics of a grid-power distribution system are now calculated long before the pylons are installed, and a completely automatic computer programme produces a detailed set of design specifications for the various power transformers that are needed to reduce the grid voltage to the safe 230 volts supplied to the customers.

In engineering automation, computer-controlled machine tools can produce the complex surfaces required in modern aircraft construction in a fraction of the time that would be required by the most highly skilled mechanic; while, in the office, the computer is already making the clerk an anachronism.

Now, as in the past, some of the future trends can be accurately predicted from an inspection of the work in progress in research laboratories. For computers the following picture emerges. As far as data storage is concerned there is little that is really new to be seen: the magnetic tapes and drums of present machines are likely to stay with us for some time to come; but for high-speed storage, the magnetic cores of the present machines will give way to films of special iron alloys deposited *in vacuo* upon ceramic plates. These films, only a few millionths of an inch thick, can be deposited automatically in complex patterns and form the basis of storage into which information can be written, and from which it can be recovered, in times of a few hundred-millionths of a second.

Another exciting possibility for future computers arises from the work that Dr. Dudley Buck is carrying out at the

Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Here use is made of the extraordinary phenomenon of super-conductivity that occurs when metals, such as lead, are cooled to nearly absolute zero in liquid helium. The basic physical fact is that a current once established in a superconducting lead ring will continue to flow indefinitely. This clearly forms the basis for a storage device, but what is perhaps even more exciting is that, by a subtle combination of lead and tantalum wires, it is possible to construct a device that is equivalent to a switch. Thus all the prerequisites for a computer exist, and it remains only to find a good means of producing it. I may mention that the strength of the cryotron, as it is called, lies in its minute power consumption, which would enable a computer whose power rivals the 100-kilowatt refrigerator-cooled giants of today to be housed in a moderate-sized vacuum flash, an obvious advantage for guiding the lunar probe rockets of the future.

One question that may be asked concerns the probable impact

of transistors on the machines of tomorrow. This, too, can be answered from the researches of today. The transistor, because it uses no hot filament like the thermionic valve, uses far less energy to produce the same effect. This means that computers can be made smaller, but, in addition, the transistor has the useful property that its internal resistance is about one-hundredth of that of the valve. Technically this should mean that a transistorized computer would be less liable to pick up stray interference than those in use at present. Furthermore the small size and low internal resistance of transistors imply that higher speeds of operation

will be possible. These developments are likely to come about in the near future, the only difficulties being those of producing sufficiently reliable and consistent transistors in adequate quantities and at reasonable cost.

Two other big problems attend the expansion of computer applications: they are how to provide rapid means of getting information into the machines and how to make the results of machine calculations available outside the machine. The first problem is only partially solved by present techniques, which involve the use of punched paper-tape or cards, and of magnetic tape. The real difficulty lies in the fact that most original records are made by human beings using pencil and paper, or, at most, a device like a cash register. A step towards the solution of the problem was shown to me at Olympia the other day, when a device resembling a television camera was used to read the printed record produced by a cash register and convert it into electrical signals to feed a computer. This is only a start, but nevertheless it is an important one. For example, in my own department, work is in progress on the more ambitious project of recognizing general shapes by means of computer techniques. We started this investigation when it became clear that, if mechanical translation of language was to become practically useful, it would be far too inaccurate, expensive, and time-consuming to retype all input material on to paper tape or other computer input media. Even with languages that use the Roman alphabet, retyping would be slow, but with languages such as Arabic, Chinese, Greek, Hebrew, Japanese, and Russian, experiment showed that human processing was always either extremely slow or impossible. Arising out of this work a new field is opening up—for example, the recognition of handwriting by machine. The difficulty here lies in the fact that some specimens are undecipherable even to human readers without the use of context; and it is here that our work on language translation comes to the aid of the recog-

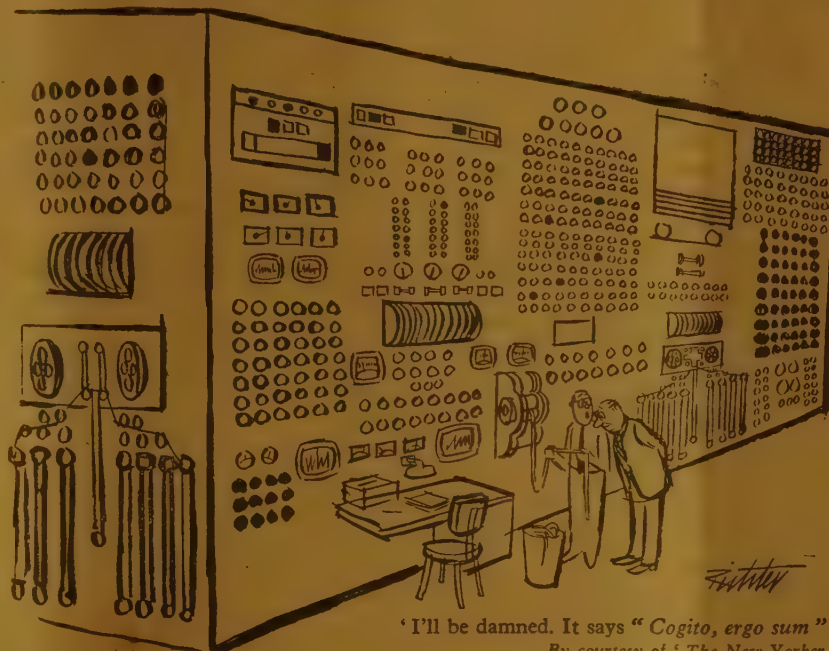
nizing device, because context is precisely what is used to remove verbal ambiguity in translation.

In Washington we were discussing methods of using a computing machine to establish the novelty or otherwise of the claims contained in a patent specification. One such application has been to the literature of organic chemistry, and it is in a field such as this that direct recognition of structural formulae would be of inestimable use. It is by no means outside the bounds of valid prediction that equipment and computer programmes will soon be available that can read an engineering drawing of conventional type and convert it into instructions for a programmed machine-tool or, on a higher plane, investigate the originality and workability of the device portrayed.

The mechanical translation of language has now passed from the realms of science fiction into those of achieved fact. My wife and Dr. Leonard Brandwood have produced a programme and rules of procedure for good quality translation of technical French;

in Russia some hundreds of linguists and technicians are working on the translation of English and Chinese; and, as you may imagine, in the United States of America much effort is being devoted to Russian.

One aspect of this work that is not so well known is that of Drs. Ahmed and Fatehchand, in my laboratory, on the direct recognition of the spoken word. This work arose, in a self-evident way, from the translation project, and has now reached a stage where, to quote Dr. Ahmed, it is safe to predict that a recognizer of 95 per cent. accuracy could be built within five years. Although this work arose within the context of lan-



'I'll be damned. It says "Cogito, ergo sum".'  
By courtesy of 'The New Yorker'

guage translation, it has an interesting implication in that it would also make possible the construction of a voice-operated typewriter. The latter device is by no means new, and some television viewers may have seen a demonstration by Professor Fry at University College the other day. The important new feature, however, is that the computer-operated typewriter would not type in phonetic symbols, as do the latter, but in normal English spelling. This is because the use of context allows such a sound as 'oow' to be correlated with its context to indicate whether the correct spelling of a word is, for example, 'bow' or 'bough'.

The second problem for the future is that of computer output. Here the difficulty lies in the fact that mechanical devices for producing printed records have considerable inertia and are, in consequence, inherently slow. Some progress has been made in replacing the mechanical part by an electro-chemical equivalent, as in the so-called xerographic printer, but my own opinion is that the art of computer use will soon develop to such an extent that the machines themselves will be able to make the complex decisions for which this vast mass of printed data is at present required as a guide to human thought. In this event only instructions for action will be required and the problem of output disappears.

Whether the computer-controlled world of tomorrow will be a better place to live than that of today, or whether it will resemble Orwell's 1984 remains to be seen, but at least the machines will make decisions in accord with the strict canons of logical thought, and it is unthinkable that they would tolerate, for example, the stupidity of a war. I, for one, await the future with interest.—*Network Three*

The National Parks Commission has issued a second National Park Guide. It is called *Snowdonia* and is published by H.M. Stationery Office, price 5s.

# Collecting Mercury Glass-ware

By ERNEST THESIGER

I AM never sure how my collection should be described correctly: some call it mercury glass-ware or mirror lustre; others say it should be called silvered glass, and that name certainly applies to the better kind of the articles in which I specialize. But, good or bad, the objects are all made on the same system, hollow-blown—that is, double-sided glass into which a metallic substance is precipitated so that we have a mirror surface produced both within and without.

The earliest pieces were made about 1840 and consisted of vases and other vessels of this double-sided glass filled with a mixture of tin, lead, bismuth, and mercury, which was heated and turned round until every part was evenly coated. Witch-balls were made that way, the outer glass being very thin and fragile. The early vases were often cheaply and crudely decorated with a painted rose and were to be found adding a glitter to a dark cottage corner or given away as prizes for competitions at country fairs. Thus they acquired the name of 'fairings' and have little to commend them.

Somewhat later, other objects, more interesting in shape and design, were made by the same method. I have mugs, salt-cellars, and candlesticks, mostly of Continental make, for France and Belgium produced attractive pieces. The candlesticks, which look so much like silver and have the additional advantage of not needing polishing, were used in churches too poor to be able to afford the genuine article, and I have two figures of saints (bought in the Flea Market in Paris) and a beautiful Madonna, found in Cambridge, which surely must have come from some chapel in Europe. My biggest piece of this less important make is a vase eighteen inches high, and I have also a large handsome covered wine-cooler which I brought back from New York in a hat-box. These are probably both of Continental make.



Mercury glass-ware from Mr. Thesiger's collection: above, silver bronze Madonna (Continental); left, a wine-cooler

Powell, the Whitefriars firm which still flourishes, was glass of lead which was thicker, heavier, and more brilliant than the Continental glass of that day, and the designs were greatly improved upon: overlays of blue, green and purple being added, which much enhanced their beauty. Powell made it to the order of Mr. Drayton and it was retailed by a Mr. Mellish who had a shop in Regent Street. According to Robert Hunt, a solution of nitrate of silver, rendered neutral by the addition of a little ammonia, was introduced for filling the double-sided glass. Some spirits of wine was mixed with it and then a small quantity of the oils of cloves and cassia added. As the inner wall is made of brilliant yellow glass, this when silvered looks as if it were gilded and we have the effect of a silver cup with a gold lining. Some specimens provide a curious optical illusion. Before the two parts of the glass are combined one of them or sometimes both are engraved upon what will be the enclosed and silvered sides. When these are brought together and united, which is not such a difficult process as one might imagine, those engraved parts reflecting the light from different angles to the eye assume the appearance of embossed surfaces, the illusion of relief in many cases being remarkable. Touch, however, proves that the exterior is a perfectly smooth surface.

It was discovered after the silver had been precipitated by Mr. Drayton's process that however free it might have been from any imperfection at first, there gradually appeared small flecks in the silver which became little centres of chemical action, the silver tarnishing and circular spots extending from those points so that the ornament was ruined.

A Mr. Stenhouse published a paper describing the many substances which had the property of precipitating silver from its solution. In particular he had experimented with grape-sugar and so encouraged Hale Thomson to start on his method. Thus in 1850



Left, blue and silver vase; right, green and silver goblet: both marked 'Varnish, London'

Hale Thomson went one better than Drayton, and by using grape-sugar or glucose in his recipe instead of essential oils and cane sugar ensured a more permanent lining. His pieces, signed with his lead seal, rank with those marked Varnish, London. They are the best and rarest pieces ever made, though after the Great Exhibition of 1851 the firm seems to have disappeared.

I have many beautiful examples of their work in my collection: vases, urns, ring-stands, ink-wells, paper-weights and scent bottles mostly coloured with overlay and some with engraved glass. My most valued piece is a vase fifteen inches high, with overlay of a brilliant sapphire blue. I saw it at the back of a well-known glass shop and rescued from being sent to the famous Corning Museum of Glass in New York. The design of the overlay varies greatly, lozenges of green or spirals of blue or 'swirling flutes' of purple. A set of six green finger-bowls has also the trade mark of Varnish, London, and a paper-weight and ink-well in blue and silver match my large and much prized vase of which I have spoken. Two scent bottles and another ink-well are overlaid with purple, the trade seal being of lead, as opposed to the round of glass or even cardboard at the bottom of the cheaper pieces.

In France it is still possible to find such things as candlesticks and even figures, and some of the candlesticks, copied from genuine silver pairs, are very handsome: but the marked English pieces are more difficult to find and consequently more expensive. For anyone who wants something decorative and is not too

particular about the quality, there are plenty of fairings to be found in the lesser junk-shops.

My advice to would-be collectors is to concentrate on something that no one else has yet thought of collecting. Start a fashion: do not follow one. Be first in the field and you will be able to buy more cheaply. It is not easy to say what impels anyone to start collecting any particular thing. I was once given a rather hideous pink lustre cream-jug and I thought I might dislike it less if I found a tea-pot of the same make to go with it. Soon afterwards I added cups and saucers to match and that started the avalanche, until my shelves became so crowded that I disposed of the whole collection, which by this time included some rather fine pieces of Wedgwood, including a lovely set of dessert dishes made in the shape of different shells. I also made the mistake of buying chipped pieces. No serious collector should include damaged examples unless, of course, he is specializing in Etruscan pottery or Greek statues or such antiquities.

I bought my first piece of silverglass merely because its glitter appealed to me. After adding to it a few ordinary bits, I acquired my first marked piece of overlay and by chance discovered mention of it in the catalogue of the Great Exhibition. From that moment I confined myself to the best only, though I still added some of the more unusual shapes of the lighter kind. But the whole lot makes a fine showing which may eventually prove of interest to students of the Victorian era.

—From a talk in Network Three

## Collecting Old Scientific Instruments

By ANTHONY MICHAELIS

THE future is really the business of the scientist; and yet the past can be equally exciting, it can teach us much, and often it is extremely beautiful. It was an exciting day for me when I walked round the street stalls of Portobello Road, and there saw the first old scientific instrument that I could afford to buy. It was an octant, made of ebony with an inlaid ivory scale. It looked dirty, until I brought it home, took it to pieces, and cleaned and polished it.

The dating of old scientific instruments is as important as cleaning and polishing them. My octant had the name of its maker inscribed on it, and this helps. Most of the best instruments were a pride to their constructors and are therefore inscribed, though a first-class instrument should not be rejected from a collection merely because the name is missing. Having identified the maker by either his initials or his full name, he can be looked up in Daumas's excellent book (published by the University Presses of France), dealing with the scientific instruments of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In Daumas's book I found a photograph of precisely the same octant which I had bought, although from a different maker's workshop. The first octant was demonstrated by Hadley to the Royal Society in 1731, and in 1770 small telescopes began to replace the pinnules; as mine had a pinnule, I dated it between, say, 1740 and 1780. My first buy in the Portobello Road was a genuine antique instrument, just about 200 years old, and so began my collection.

But what was I to collect? Science has its historical roots in the astronomical measurements of the Babylonians and Egyptians, with their mathematical clay tablets, the cubit and their duck weights. Today, the scientists' tools include the giant synchrotrons, complex forests of glass tubings, and electronic calculators. In between these two extremes, there stretches an infinite variety, and I had to make a choice. I decided that measurement is perhaps the most typical activity of scientific research, the one that distinguishes mere speculation from logic, and therefore I would say that any instrument that measures is worthy of collecting.

My oldest item is an Egyptian stone weight in the shape of a truncated cone, made of mottled granite. I found it amongst a miscellaneous lot of small objects, and I at once thought of an illustration I had seen in a book. I took the weight to the British Museum, there compared it with others in their collection, and finally asked one of the keepers to confirm the period. It dated, he said, from the middle kingdom, about 1250 B.C.

Historically speaking, the next item in my collection of weights is a group of eleven Arabic glass weights. These small disks have invariably the name of the caliph impressed into the glass—the surest means of identification—and one of mine, for example, has inscribed on it the name of Fatimid al Aziz Caliph, A.D. 975 to 995. They all date from about that period; some are deep bottle-green, others beautiful deep purple when held against the light, others again opaque white.

There is an infinite variety of medieval European weights, from the superb nest of weights to the small cur weights, some of which I have. In modern times there are both metric and pound weights, from the household variety in porcelain, made by Wedgwood, to the current laboratory weights in platinum. I have now some 200 weights in my collection, spanning a period of more than 3,000 years and from all over Europe and Asia. Incidentally, only a couple of weeks ago I discovered a superb dragon weight, about fifteen centimetres high, and more than 1,000 grammes.

The measurement of time, and with it the whole field of astronomical instruments, is as old as the measurement of weight. A gentleman's pocket sundial is one of the most treasured pieces of my collection. It is not larger than a modern pocket watch, about 6.5 centimetres long, and when its shagreen case is closed it is not more than 10 mm. thick. It was made at the Chapotot workshops in Paris, where Louis Chapotot and his son worked from about 1670 to 1720. The principle of this delightful instrument is a miniature sundial, with a compass let in; it is beautifully engraved on back and front. The dating of the instrument can be confirmed by the magnetic deviation of its compass. At five degrees west, it corresponds well with the date of the existence of Chapotot's workshop, as the deviation was nought degrees in 1660 and seven degrees in 1700.

The astrolabe is really the most amazing old scientific instrument and can rightly be called the prince of them all. A large early-medieval specimen, dating from the fourteenth or fifteenth century, might well fetch up to £4,000 nowadays. Dr. Derek Price has defined a planispheric astrolabe as an instrument using the principle of stereographic projection to map the apparent positions of stars and planets at any time of the year for one or more latitudes of observation. In appearance they are superb disks of richly engraved brass where the pointers are finely sculptured figures and symbols; they may be more than two feet in diameter.

—From a talk in Network Three

# NATURE IN PHOTOGRAPHS



'Frightened group' (slender lorises), by T. S. Lal



Common seal, photographed on the Sussex coast by B. T. Darby



Pied Kingfisher, by J. B. Bottomley and Mrs. S. Bottomley



Barn owl on the roof of a thatched cottage, by John Markham, F.R.P.S.



Left: Grandiflora, by Douglas F. Lawson, A.R.P.S.

A selection from an autumn exhibition at the Royal Photographic Society, 16 Princes Gate, London, S.W.7, which is open until December 19. In addition to the monochrome prints, there are prints in colour, transparencies, and a stereoscopic section. The exhibition will be on view next month in the Department of Zoology, National Museum of Wales, Cardiff

# The End of My World

The first of four talks by J. V. LANGMEAD CASSERLEY

**T**HE earliest Christians believed that the world was going to end very soon. We dismiss this idea as a mistake; for us the end of the world is a long way off, so far away from us that we hardly give it a passing thought. To us, it seems that the early Christians gave this subject more of their thought and attention than it really deserved. The New Testament contains so much that is obviously important, we may say: why should we bother about the more fantastic elements which arose out of a mistake made by the early Christian mind on this? But this cavalier way of dismissing the subject is really most unsatisfactory. Not only the early Christians but Jesus himself had a good deal to say about the end of the world, and indeed the whole culture to which they belonged found this particular subject fascinating and enthralling.

## Sober and Joyous Thought

The end of the world seems to us a gloomy subject to dwell on. It has the notion of judgment on things as they now are attached to it, and that makes it seem forbidding. But for biblical writers this was not so; they looked at the end of the world as simply one aspect, the negative aspect, of the coming of the Kingdom of God. 'Even so come quickly, Lord Jesus'. Of course the thought is sobering because it brought with it the idea of a final judgment upon our world as it now is, and indeed upon ourselves as we now are; yet it is also a joyous thought because it suggests the ultimate triumph of the Will of God, and our part in the everlasting joy of the final victory.

What I want to try to make clear in these talks is that the idea of the end of the world is independent of the question whether it will come after a short time or after a long time. However long our world may have to endure, it is important to know whether it is the kind of thing that must end at last or whether, on the contrary, it is something which could conceivably go on for ever. According to the Bible we already know the end of the world, for the end of the world is the triumph of the Christ. Men may conceivably be mistaken about *when* the end of the world will be, but those of us who know the Christ as the Lord of life at least know *what* the end of the world will be. For judgment the Christ came into this world, and the judgment will surely be accomplished; and beyond the inevitable pain of the judgment there will be the joy of the judgment, for this is the judgment that establishes the kingdom of God.

By the end of the world the Bible means more than merely the notion of the conclusion of human history or the winding up of the whole creation. It tells us not merely that something will happen in the future (*i.e.*, that this present world will come to an end); it also tells us something that is just as true of the past as in the present and in the age to come. It tells us that this world from the very beginning is a world destined to come to an end, the kind of life sentenced, so to speak, to death from its very beginning, an order of things continually under judgment, a realm full of beauty and value because God made it, and yet at the same time both temporal and temporary, so that we cannot find in such a world the full and final purpose of human life. 'Here we have no continuing city and no abiding stay'. Our world is the world of the pilgrim and the sojourner. If this is true it is clearly important, because we cannot properly understand our world or make the best and most profitable use of it if we misunderstand its essential character.

## A Mistake Made by Christian People

People sometimes suppose that those who believe that the world must come to an end will therefore not concern themselves sufficiently about making the most and the best of it for so long as it endures. Thus critics of the Christian faith often argue that

Christians are indifferent to historical and social evils because their conviction that all these things will come to an end ultimately makes them tolerant of them here and now. And it must be confessed that some Christian people have made precisely this mistake.

But this is not a logical or convincing process of thought. To say that something is temporary does not necessarily mean that it is unimportant; to say that something is destined to lead at last into something else does not mean that for all practical purposes we can ignore it. We know that children in the course of nature are destined to become adults, but this consideration does not persuade us to neglect or ignore the education and nurture of the young. On the contrary, we say that the transitional stage is extremely important precisely because it leads on to something else that is more important still. To say that the world is bound to come to an end in the Kingdom of God is to make the world much more important than it would be if we made the mistake of supposing that it is merely meant to go on being the world as we have always known it. Growing and changing things are not only more important than merely static things; they are also more interesting. And to care for them and concern ourselves with their welfare is immensely more worth while. To say the world is a world that must end in the judgment which establishes the Kingdom of God in no way implies that the affairs of the world are unimportant; on the contrary it suggests that they are supremely important.

## More than the End of Human History

Yet the biblical theme of the end of the world is concerned with much more than merely the end of human history and the winding up of the cosmic order. Men live in many worlds; each of the worlds in which we live has its own ending. Indeed, some of them are ending every day. The end of human history and the winding up of the cosmic order are for history and science what death is for the human individual. Whenever a man reflects upon the inevitability of his own death he is brought face to face with the theme of the end of the world, the end, that is, of his own world, the end of the little world of which his conscious mind is the centre. My world, after all, is a world which revolves round me. It is made up of my experiences, my hopes and fears and values, my loves and comradeships. It is a world which is bounded and restricted in space, for of all that there is to be known and experienced I know and experience so very little. It is a world bounded and restricted in time, for it began only a few years ago and I know that it will continue only a few years more. It is certain that this world will have an end. My world, the world of which I am the centre, is a world which cannot possibly endure.

From the biological point of view death is no problem. Death is something which sooner or later overcomes all organisms. Death is as natural as birth or life. But from any religious or humanistic point of view death is a problem, because it seems to suggest the destruction of values. After all, the conscious mind of the individual person is the supreme value because it is only within the orbit of that mind that any of the other values are recognised and enjoyed: the great goods of life, love and friendship, the splendours of art and science, the joys of existing in the world and under God. These can be experienced, loved, and proclaimed only within the mind of an individual person. For any man who sees that this is true, death is inevitably something of a problem.

Many men have trained themselves to accept the idea of death with a kind of philosophical resignation. In some sense this is what we all must do. It is not a question of whether we must die or not. We know we must. Rather, it is a question of what death really is. Is death merely the end of the world? Or is it, as

Christians believe, the end of a world which is at the same time the prelude to an ultimate fulfilling? We must notice that we completely misunderstand the whole question of death and life beyond death if we are merely trying to find out whether there is something in man, some sort of spiritual core of human being, which is capable of surviving death and triumphing over mortality. We must not suppose that there is any possible kind of biological analysis of our human being which will finally isolate some immortal part of man and distinguish it from all that is mortal in him.

The question we have to ask is not 'Can man survive death, so to speak, under his own steam?', but rather, 'Is it the Will of God, who gives a man his life in this world, to give him also any other life in some other world?' For God, who has given man his life in this world, it is not necessarily a very great problem to give him some further life in another world. Life after death is not more mysterious than life before death; and since we have to accept the one mystery can there be any strong reason for refusing to accept the other? Thus the question raised by Christianity in the Bible is not merely the question, 'Can man survive death?' but rather the question, 'Is it the Will of God to revive man after death?' As I have said already, the mystery of what we know to have taken place already is not really greater or more difficult than the mystery we believe will take place hereafter.

Yet death in itself is not only a great purging but also a just judgment. My world, the world of which I am the centre, the world which I piece together out of my own conscious thoughts and experience, the world which I inhabit here and now, is rightly doomed to have an end precisely because my world can never be the real world. The world of which I am the centre is not the real world, and, in living in it as though it were, I am surrender-

ing myself to a great illusion. The real world is the world of which God is the centre; that is why my world is always a world under judgment, a narrow, partial, and restricted world out of which I must be delivered if at last I am to find my place in the real world. Christians believe that at last each man will be delivered out of his world into God's world. Indeed, even while my world remains my world, the Christian, in processes like worship and prayer, is always trying to transcend the limitations of 'my' world and to enter into the objective reality of God's world, the real world.

My world must end, in other words, in order that God's world may begin. My world is sentenced to death precisely because I myself am sentenced to life. Of course when my world is gathered up into God's world I am no longer the centre. But the biblical message about eternal life certainly carries with it the suggestion that being something less than the centre of God's world is infinitely greater and better than being the centre of my own little world. We have to learn the lesson, and it seems a strange and paradoxical one, that nothing narrows and stunts the personality as much as experience does. This is not because experience is a bad thing—on the contrary—but because, situated as we are here and now, we get so little of it, and so much of it comes to seem to us stale and repetitive.

It is right that my world should be always under the judgment, and it is good that I should never be allowed to forget that my world will have its end. If God did not destroy it, it would destroy me. We human beings know of no world without end except that entire world of meaning and value that we call God. To enter that world I must pass out of this one, and my passing out of my world is simply the inevitable, negative aspect of my entering into His.—*Home Service*

## Looking to the Future—II

# The Problem of Choice

By VISCOUNT SAMUEL, O.M.

**I**N the first talk\* of this series I started from the fact—obvious enough—that our present age has been afflicted by constant troubles and sometimes by catastrophic disasters, and that it is now beset by grave anxieties. Men's actions are determined by their ideas, and these troubles and disasters must be the outcome of ideas that have been proved by their results to have been wrong. Seeking the root cause we may assign it to the fault of the intellectuals—the philosophers, the scientists, the men of religion, the statesmen—who should have taken the lead in forming and establishing right ideas, but who have failed in that duty. It cannot be denied that they have been—and still are—continuously at cross purposes; busy with contradictions and controversies; concerned with criticisms and negations rather than with any persistent effort to arrive at some positive body of constructive thought which might be generally acceptable.

The hope of anything better must lie in an endeavour, at the very beginning, to clear up certain philosophic problems which are fundamental, which have for centuries troubled men's minds, but which still remain unsolved. As an example, I ventured to attempt an inquiry into what is termed the problem of Evil, which led to a conclusion that responsibility for the choice of sound ideas that shall lead to right actions must lie upon individual persons, on leaders and followers, intellectuals and ordinary people acting singly or in groups through social institutions. Arising out of that, we cannot escape re-examining another of the ancient unsolved problems, one which challenges the whole of this conception of individual responsibility. This is the problem of determinism: or of free will, as it is usually called.

It is contended by some philosophers that the individual person is not in fact the self-contained, self-controlled unit that he thinks he is. Theologians also, in some periods, have given support to this position in the doctrine of pre-destination. At the present time, modern science itself is often invoked in much the same sense. Science, we are told, has now established, beyond

all doubt, that the individual person is the product of his heredity and his environment. Biology has discovered the inner mechanism of heredity in the fertilized germ-cell and its genes; and all the organic cells that make up the body, including the brain and the nervous system, are of a pattern inherited from parents and ancestors. Psychology also has revealed the existence of a sub-conscious mind, below the level of the conscious. This is the seat of instincts, intuitions, and emotions, accumulated during a race evolution of millions of years, which are a determining factor throughout man's life. Furthermore, from outside the individual, the social environment into which he happens to have been born is continuously active, influencing and moulding his mind and his character, and therefore his choice and his conduct. But I would venture to suggest that a realist philosopher, who accepts the scientific outlook, may have something to say about determinism different from the views that are today widely current.

In my previous talk I began by questioning at the outset the term 'Problem of Evil', contending that there is no such thing; but that there are only 'problems', in the plural of 'evils', and that our business is to get to close quarters with them. In the same way we should recognize that we have misled ourselves by talking of the freedom of the will. That seems to imply—and does indeed imply—that the human will is uncaused and unconditioned. That plainly is not so. Heredity and environment are facts. The genes and the individual characteristics they control; the sub-conscious mind and its influence on the conscious; the society and its institutions—schools, churches, laws—are facts. In any description of the actual situation, the existence, and the importance, of all these must be agreed. But when that has been said, not all has been said. The psychological argument, as stated above, is fallacious. Because the subconscious is accepted as important it does not follow that the conscious mind is now to be discarded as unimportant. Each of the two mind levels is incessantly interacting with the other. Because the external factors of ancestry

and environment are essential elements, it does not follow that the internal factors—reason, conscience, will—are unessential. As Radhakrishnan, the philosopher of Hinduism, has said: 'All life is a commerce between Self and Not-self'.

Consider for a moment a new-born infant. Its development as an embryo is finished, but it remains small, helpless, and passive. Through its own inherent vitality the development continues. In the next few weeks or months the infant will have doubled its weight, and many of its future capabilities will have begun to appear. The psychologist tells us that there are two critical points in this development—at about the age of eighteen months and between the ages of seven and eleven—which mark the beginning of new phases. Meanwhile, and afterwards, there grows up the capacity for judgment and the power of will. Every father and mother can see this happening with their own children; each, in due course, will develop, as they will say, 'a mind of its own'. This independent power to choose and will to act does not come, miraculously, at a particular moment: it comes gradually and relatively late, but it comes as easily and normally as the growth of flower or fruit in a plant. And this spontaneity is just as much as anything else the outcome of heredity and environment, of the genes and of the society.

Similarly with regard to the subconscious. We have only to look round us and within us to see abundant proof of its reality. Often one's mind may be the theatre of a definite conflict. Whenever we feel an inclination towards an action which we may perhaps think it would be better not to take, we may confirm our first view, or we may finally decide for the other. We have a choice between the first prompting, that may have come from the subconscious, and the later influences of the conscious. Sometimes we may watch in other people such a conflict between conscious and subconscious: for example, some acquaintance, who has been an addict to alcohol or to nicotine, may tell us of a prolonged struggle within his own mind, which may have been successful or unsuccessful, to give up his habit. If the subconscious is real, so is the conscious, and there is no reason *a priori* why the first should be allowed the final word and not the second.

Viewing the process as a whole we see that every human

thought and action may be attributed ultimately to a combination of four factors. They are, first, the working of the physical universe, as basis; second, the activities of the surrounding society; third, the characteristics inherited by the individual; and, fourth, his own autonomous will. An essential point is that the event that is happening is indeed a combination, not an aggregation; not merely the result of a number of prior causes, added together like a sum in arithmetic. The effects of all four are interfused. As the consequence, something new and different has appeared. Through the act of volition a new event has been born—real and unique. It will help, in conjunction with others, to give rise to other new events in the future.

We find, then, that we need not regard ourselves as in the grip of pre-ordained necessity. Included in our heritage is the capacity to go beyond the heritage. We are not living in a closed system: within limits that are given, we ourselves are shaping the environment. And this is what matters most.

Discarding the term 'free will' as ambiguous, we may prefer to speak of the independent power of choice—which is what we really have in mind. And if we are able to re-establish individual responsibility on an intellectual foundation that will hold firm, we may be helping to clear up one at least of the many confusions that bewilder our troubled age. Our conclusion will be that the modern mind ought not to accept defeat on this matter. We ought not to ignore or evade the issue by saying that the arguments for free will and for determinism are both unanswerable. We ought not to say that the ordinary man would be wise not to reopen this particular argument, because he could end only by accepting simultaneously two opposite conclusions, and so his confusion at the beginning would only be worsened at the end. He would do well to discard the term 'free will' altogether, and to speak rather of the power of choice. But if the old expression is too firmly rooted, then he should make it clear that by freedom is not meant that the individual's will is uncaused or unconditioned.

Then the philosopher may firmly decide in favour of free will—as so interpreted—and would be able to go on to a continuous study of the causes and conditions and their several effects. And from this view neither the scientist nor the man of religion need have reason to dissent.—*General Overseas Service*

## The Early Drowned

Great while I lay at mercy of the sea,  
Taken by cramp and pitched upon a spur:  
The knocking of the waves might rise or fall,  
It mattered not at all,

all one to me  
Long drowned beyond the further cliffs of care.

Lolling upon that rock I heard the dour  
Gnaw of the tide below me far away:  
League upon league in flight of glassy stair  
The deep went down to where

the small and sour  
Beginnings of our mortal making lay.

Around me swung the mews; the limpet's foot  
Was fast into the rock; the bladderbell  
Sea-tousled like my own wet thatching hung  
With salt roan purses strung

from straggled root:  
It hung, then floated in the climbing swell.

Wider than this no news: a drenching mist  
Clung tight upon the wavetops, and the roar  
Of further waters thin and muffled crept:

In this cocoon I slept  
and only guessed  
At the long roll that frayed the distant shore.

Hours, hours so: when I woke, the dreariness  
Unaltered shone about me: light and free  
My rock still rode the tide and bore me so.  
Yet now I might not know  
things' otherness,  
And which was I and which was the great sea.

Granite my hands; beaded my hair as weeds;  
Blue mussels swagged in clusters on my back:  
Then I might sleep or I might wake again,  
The sea-fog and the rain  
soft coverlids  
To me grown one with every rock and wrack.

I have a word to whisper to the sea:  
'You worry me and harry me in vain  
Beforetime lost in colder deeps than yours.  
In vain you wreak your force  
on such as me:  
The early drowned may not be drowned again'.

HILARY CORKE



## This is a road

Call it what you will—bridle path, track, cattle-route. *It is a road.* Primitive, of course, compared to today's great highways. But it leads somewhere. It is a vital line of communication.

Roads are the arteries of civilised life. And the traffic on them, as if you hadn't noticed, grows denser and heavier. To meet the world-wide call for stronger, faster and safer roads, engineers are thinking in new surfaces, new highway patterns, sometimes even in new dimen-

sions. And time and again they are turning to bitumen (or asphalt, as it is called in America).

Shell Bitumen, a product of petroleum, is a tough ally in these projects. A road is only as good as its base, and conventional bases are often inadequate for modern traffic. But new bitumen-bound base courses take the extra strain comfortably and are being used more and more, particularly in Europe, to increase the strength of roads while decreasing the cost

of making them. Thanks to bitumen, durable and non-skid surfaces are making roads safer. Thanks to bitumen's versatility, road engineers can make use of cheaper and locally available materials. And the world's biggest supplier of bitumen for roads is Shell.

Perhaps you know Shell mainly through the Service Stations you call at in your car. But Shell products, inspired by research, are also helping to improve the roads you run on.

YOU CAN BE SURE OF



# NEWS DIARY

December 3-9

## Wednesday, December 3

The National Coal Board announces its plans for reducing production: thirty-six pits to be closed

Arbitration tribunal awards an unconditional increase of pay of 7s. 6d. a week to day-wage men employed in the coal-mines

A White Paper is published giving Government's proposals for spending £400,000,000 on building and improving secondary schools

## Thursday, December 4

Commons debate foreign affairs with special reference to the situation in Berlin

The Government lifts ban on Service families going to Cyprus

The Governments of Iceland and Finland resign

## Friday, December 5

The Prime Minister opens the Preston by-pass, which is to form part of Britain's first motorway

A new system of trunk telephone dialling is inaugurated by the Queen from Bristol

Mr. Khrushchev replies to Mr. Macmillan's personal letter setting out the British position on Berlin

The B.B.C. announces plans for a regional television news service for north-east England

## Saturday, December 6

The Three-Power Conference on ending nuclear tests at Geneva agrees on the first article of a treaty

The Paymaster-General states that the six countries of the European Common Market are preparing a new plan to associate themselves with the other countries of O.E.E.C.

Death of José Collins, the musical comedy actress

## Sunday, December 7

The American rocket which was aimed at the moon burns out over the Sahara Desert

Voting takes place in an election for a new city council in West Berlin

## Monday, December 8

Chief of the Russian internal security forces, General Ivan Serov, is relieved of his post

Prime Minister of Iraq announces that he has foiled a plot against the State

Ministry of Supply announces that a Dutch firm is to build two new radio-telescopes in Britain

## Tuesday, December 9

Report of Committee of Inquiry into B.O.A.C. strike at London Airport is published

Fourth atomic reactor at Calder Hall comes into operation

Herr Ulbricht, leader of East German Communist Party, arrives in Poland



Dr. Adenauer photographed with Herr Brandt, Lord Mayor of West Berlin, on the eve of the elections last Sunday, when Dr. Brandt's party, the Social Democrats, won an absolute majority

Right: a Christmas tree put up in West Berlin near Potsdamer Square where the American and Soviet sectors meet



A section of the new Preston by-pass which was opened by the Prime Minister on December 5. Fly-over bridges carry intersecting roads over this uninterrupted dual-carriageway



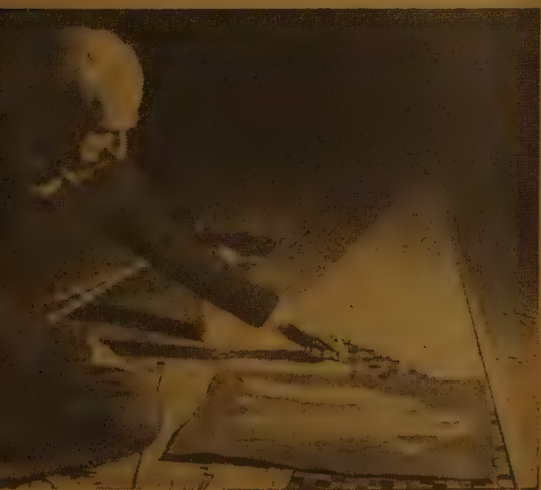
Three Pioneer aircraft flying in formation over the Troodos mountains in Cyprus. They are part of the additional air which has been given to General Darling, Director of Operations



no II, the American Army's rocket, being launched on its intended flight to the moon from Cape Canaveral, Florida, on December 6. It plunged back into the earth's atmosphere and burned out



H.M. the Queen dialling a telephone call on the new trunk service from Bristol to Edinburgh when she opened the service on December 6



Mr. Piper at work on a mural for the reredos of a new church in Harlow. Mr. Piper is also constructing a mural for the B.B.C. Television Centre



Highland steer, one of the Queen's exhibits at the Smithfield show which opened in London on December 8



General de Gaulle, who last week paid his fifth visit to Algeria since he became Prime Minister of France, talking to a group of local inhabitants in a village in the Sahara

## Party Political Broadcast

# The Conservative Record and Programme

By the Rt. Hon. R. A. BUTLER, C.H., M.P., Secretary of State for the Home Department and Lord Privy Seal

**W**HAT I want to do tonight\* is to show you how the policies which we introduced in 1951, and in the years since, have borne fruit. I shall also describe our approach to current and future questions. Of course, in the process I shall have some answers to give to the Opposition talk given by Mr. Gaitskell last Saturday night.

I feel most earnestly that whenever an election may come, be it soon or be it late, you should realize the importance of continuing with the sound administration for which we've been responsible. Don't change over, for the sake of a change, to socialist policies which I'm convinced would result in dangerous and untimely experiments, would take away from all the gains we've made and put us back where we started.

Now, may I restate the faith which I think has earned us a long period of stable Conservative government. As I see it, the function of conservatism is to give a chance to the young to take advantage of what is best in old tradition and to offer them a field of fresh opportunities; to preserve a fair balance between order and liberty; to improve social conditions and to care for those who are old and in need.

This we can do by our example as individuals, as well as by public policy. We must provide a solid basis for all we want to do by maintaining the strength of the pound and paying our way in the world. Because we've always taken the necessary action, whether popular or unpopular, we've had some success. Under the socialists we spent abroad in all some £800,000,000 more than we earned. Under our present Government we—that is the country as a whole—have earned abroad some £1,400,000,000 more than we have spent. One result has been to enable us to increase our national reserves, which have been rising steadily for the last fourteen months. Our currency today is more widely respected than at any time since the war. At home, we have, despite great difficulties and a bad harvest, maintained prices at more or less the same level all this year.

Perhaps the most striking result of the return of the Conservative Government seven years ago was the spectacular rise in the standard of living of the country as a whole. Standards are still rising. In the first six months of this year total consumption—that is to say all you ate, or spent on the various goods you bought for your household, or in other ways—rose by 2½ per cent. compared with last year. At this rate we would double the standard of living in twenty-five years, as I once forecast we could. But to do that we must increase production, and this we can do. Our total investment is up sixty per cent. on 1951 and is still rising.

We are proud of our record of full employment over the past seven years, and we mean to maintain it. Of course there are some localities which are at present hard hit by unemployment. We are taking special action, whether by releasing expenditure or by local action, to

help, or to attract industry to such places, and also to help people from them to find jobs elsewhere.

So we shall work for a fully employed and prosperous economy. But that's not enough. We must also have a society that is truly free; in which the rights of the citizen and government alike are protected by the rule of law. Among other measures in last session and this we've introduced a Bill to give fairer compensation to those private citizens whose property is compulsorily taken by the central government or local authorities.

So then, to sum up so far, it's on the bases of healthy money—which is our life-blood—and expanding liberty that we build our programme in the present session and in the time ahead of us. In order to expand the area of liberty, we must encourage the virtue of personal self-reliance. This means that the state mustn't corner and eat up all the opportunity and inventiveness which should be left to the individual citizen.

So we've taken special steps to expand home ownership. We're going to enable local authorities to make up to 100 per cent. advances for house purchase. We're going to make £100,000,000 available to building societies that satisfy certain tests. This will be used for mortgages on the older houses which people have till now found difficult to buy through a building society. In total more than three times as many houses have been built for home ownership during our term of office as were built under the socialist government. And it's the same with some slum clearance. Some 150,000 people were rehoused from slums last year, and we intend to improve on this figure.

We've also built more homes for old people. We've raised the value of the old age pension three times, to a better value than it had originally, and now we intend, this session, to perfect our new pensions scheme. We're at present studying the various suggestions put forward for improving our published scheme.

We're not only thinking of housing and pensions, we also intend to make it more easy for people to own shares in industrial concerns. We've already done a great deal to encourage people to save, and there's more personal saving in a single year today than in all six years of socialism put together. We're now working on plans to give the small investor a much better chance than he's ever had before to invest in industry. This will be a splendid way of bringing our great industrial concerns closer to the people, while yet preserving their independence of action.

We've brought in new help for the small farmer. No one has a more rugged sense of independence. I note that the new socialist pamphlet hardly mentions agriculture and the land. We've always kept the needs of the countryside to the fore, and we mean to improve rural amenities such as electricity, water, and

sewerage. We not only value the country way of life, but we know that a prosperous farming community provides a vital market for our industry. Our new Bills continue support for the farmers and farm-workers. They provide new grants and give our farming long-term security.

We've other plans for dealing with mental health, penal reform, education. I remember when I was Minister of Education a teacher was reported to me who had asked some children what they should do to earn the forgiveness of sins. A child replied: 'You must sin first'. That is, after all, logical. And I suppose I should deal tonight with sin and crime, had I time. But my proposals will be published a little later.

Meanwhile I'll say something about education, which by itself can do so much to bring up our younger generation in the right way. We've just published a new paper on education, this last Wednesday, and this includes a five-year, £300,000,000 building programme. And for the teachers, for every two places in teacher training colleges we expect to have three by 1962.

I sympathize very much with any of you who may be parents who are anxious about the eleven-plus exam and its effect on your children's secondary education. We wish to provide every opportunity for the child to have a variety of choice between eleven and thirteen. In this way, children may be helped, not all up the same ladder, but up different ladders according to their ability and aptitude. You see, one of the main differences between our creed and that of socialism in this realm of opportunity is that through our educational system we wish to go for quality rather than equality. We wish, in fact, to provide equal opportunities for men and women to develop their unequal talents.

The real difficulty about the Labour or socialist philosophy is that it's a mixture of altruism, that is concern for the good of others, with acquisitiveness, which is a desire for the goods of others. And these two things really don't mix. You can't be jealous and generous at one and the same time.

The new glossy Labour programme has tried to paint things rosy but not too red. It's deliberately pulled wool over the more disagreeable parts of the wolf's anatomy, and the teeth, rather than being bared, are concealed under a tight-lipped smile. But remember, if you're unwise enough to support the socialists, their policy is still based on a sort of political tit-for-tat. They still want to renationalize steel and road haulage. They still mean to municipalize or take over all the privately owned rented houses. They're still talking of nationalizing any other industry whenever they feel like doing so. And then they intend to press on with a greedy programme of further nationalization of a new type. Their proposal is to take over control of the managements of some 500 to 600 of our largest companies, in one way or another; and this would

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be a form of nationalization, in all but name, of about half of our industry.

I don't believe most people in this country, and certainly not the young, think of progress in terms of more and more of our lives, our work, our houses being dominated by officialdom, controlled by government restrictions and cramped by local authority by-laws. I am not, therefore, surprised that more and more young people in our towns and villages and in the universities are flocking to our ranks; nor am I surprised that the public-opinion polls at present give our government a lead over Labour.

This doesn't mean that a final decision has already been taken by the average elector or that we should be self-satisfied. We who believe in Conservative principles cannot afford to let

up in our efforts to ensure the return of a Conservative Government at a third election. For a return to socialism would not only be damaging to our economy and to our society at home; it would also be disastrous to our prospects overseas.

I cannot for the life of me understand fully the various socialist policies for foreign affairs and defence when viewed against our absolute need as a country to be strong. I debated recently on television the subject of the nuclear weapon. Of course we all dread its use. We hold this arm, in fact, in order that it shall not be used. That is to say we hold it to prevent war; and we shall be perfectly ready to stop our nuclear tests if we've genuine agreement and control. We don't believe in one-sided gestures by Britain alone.

We do wish to see a disarmament agreement which the Russians will carry out. We've been warned by the way in which the Soviet Union have destroyed one free nation after another. We know of the Communist challenge to the world, especially in some of our overseas territories.

Just as I feel that the coming to power of a socialist government within our country will upset all the good we've done, so I dread a return of the socialists for all the harm they'll do in undermining the strength of our position overseas. They may not mean to do this but the very wool they've tried to pull over their own features has got into their minds. Never has there been a time in the world's history when clear, determined leadership was more important, and that's what we propose to give you.

## Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

### Is Metaphysics Obsolete?

Sir,—Mr. Gardiner says that I am doing injustice to linguistic analysis. My point is that this kind of analysis, though useful in its own field, shifts the emphasis in such a way that we lose sight of the relationship between philosophy and those aspects of our experience which could lead to any kind of metaphysical considerations; and that these aspects are essential for any fuller understanding of human problems. It also often leads to a rejection of concepts which, in my view, are indispensable for this purpose.

The letter itself seems to prove my point. Mr. Gardiner asks 'Surely it is not an empirical fact that we love all people we know intimately?', suggesting that I have said so. I should feel ashamed of myself if I had made any such assertion. My statement was 'that every meeting with a person, once it is experienced fully and not merely in a conventional or superficial way,' (and this can be a sudden and unexpected experience, happening when we meet a stranger—see Martin Buber's *I and Thou*) 'establishes a moral claim, for we really know that our behaviour ought to be inspired by love' (and it seems self-evident to me that we are all too often unable or unwilling to do what we know we ought to do).

Some aspects of 'objective truth' become obvious only if and when one consults one's own experience, i.e., by the 'subjective method'. This method has its dangers, but this does not mean, in my view, that it should be dismissed altogether; it means that it should be developed. What I have tried to do is to indicate a way in which it could be made more accurate. If this way is followed, it may be found that it is meaningful to say that freedom can only become real when we freely choose what is an insistent element in human nature—that we are set free once we act in accordance with our moral nature—even though this statement takes the form of a logical contradiction; that there is more meaning to be found in this statement than in the purely logical assertion that any indication of what is the right use of freedom destroys it.

Mr. Gardiner's comparison of linguistic technique with scientific method also supports what

I want to say. A scientific method can never disclose what is beyond its reach, as are the traditional absolute values. If we accept them as absolute they transcend psychology, too; but they belong, in my view, to those concepts which are indispensable if we want to understand man, and this is, for me, the main task of philosophy.

Mr. Rickman denies me the right to talk of a main trend of development if there are exceptions to it. Most of the exceptions he mentions occur in the nineteenth century; it seems natural to me that there are always exceptions and that more of them occur when a development approaches its end, and the development of metaphysics started with the Greeks. The present-day schools (from linguistic analysis to existentialism) are opposed to metaphysical systems; there are single philosophers outside the schools to whom this does not apply; but I was referring to the schools.

May I assure Mr. Rickman that I am very much aware of the fact that I am 'heir to a more systematic tradition'? If he cares to look at one of my books (e.g., *Thinking towards Religion*, published by Darwen Finlayson Ltd., London) he will find that I am, so far as my abilities permit, an 'unashamed Kantian'. But it was Kant, after all, who showed that metaphysical systems are impossible and that we cannot have a unitary way of thinking, because our reason works in two entirely different ways. I believe that we can appreciate tradition much better if we cease to concentrate on the crumbling systems and concentrate instead on single valuable details, and these come within the scope of what I should like to call 'metaphysical thinking'.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

PAUL ROUBICZEK

### Robert Owen: Socialist Visionary

Sir,—Your correspondent Mr. Herbert Palmer gently reproaches me for having said, apropos of England at the time of Robert Owen, that 'the morals of the nation were far more deplorable than they are today'. Mr. Palmer reads this as an attack on the Victorians. In fact the sentence he quotes from my talk began 'But in the early nineteenth century . . .'. Robert Owen

was born in 1771; he was most active and prominent before the rise of Victorianism. In speaking as I did, I fancied I was saying nothing controversial. I was speaking of Georgian England.

However, since Mr. Palmer questions my opinion, I had better be candid and admit that even if I had been speaking of the high Victorian, rather than the pre-Victorian, era, I might still have spoken of the morals of this nation as having been worse then than they are today. For example, social historians are agreed that drunken men and women were to be seen in hundreds in the streets of Victorian London, and child prostitutes in scores. Today such drunkards are very seldom seen and child prostitutes are never seen in London. I shall doubtless be told that there has in the meantime been a great increase in Sabbath-breaking and divorce. Whether these are greater evils than the others is a matter for people's conscience to decide. I certainly make no claim to be a Christian. All I say is that so far as one can make out what things were like a hundred years ago and what they are like now, I think that they have improved.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

MAURICE CRANSTON

Sir,—Mr. Herbert Palmer's remark in THE LISTENER of December 4, that the Victorians 'managed to restrict "sex" to the inducements above the waist' is an irresistible reminder of an anonymous limerick sent to me some years ago by the artist, Edmond Kapp. It runs:

There were once two young people of taste  
Who were beautiful down to the waist;

So they limited love

To the regions above,

And so remained perfectly chaste.

Possibly the writer had Mr. Palmer's Victorians in mind.—Yours, etc.,

Liverpool, 15

ALLAN M. LAING

### Marry Forsooth!

Sir,—Miss Margaret Kennedy, in the course of her otherwise most enjoyable talk, says (THE LISTENER, December 4): 'We dance at the Duchess of Richmond's ball: what a pity that we know who won that battle tomorrow!' Do

we know? That battle tomorrow, the battle of Ligny, was won by Napoleon against Blücher while the other battle that morning, the one at Quatre Bras, ended in a draw; it was only due to bad staff work on the French side that Marshal Ney did not win it. For the Duchess of Richmond gave her ball on June 15, not, as is widely assumed on no better authority than a mediocre, but famous, poem, on June 17: there was absolutely no sound of revelry on the night of June 17 when Wellington was waiting anxiously for a message from Blücher, and Napoleon wondered whether the ground would be firm enough for the artillery tomorrow.

Readers of historical novels (or narrative poems) will call this a pedantic point to make; they would be deeply wrong. No 'creative' writer could, at his most brilliant, devise any timing more dramatic and ironic than History devised during the five days of the Waterloo campaign. This fact ruins Miss Kennedy's theory that a novelist can't do much with—allegedly—well-known events. The real sequence of events from June 14 to 18, 1815, which shaped the whole history of the nineteenth century, and consequently our own times, form a most exciting 'story' which has not been begun to be exploited by either novelists' or (with some exceptions) historians. That battle tomorrow by my halidame!

Miss Kennedy is also mistaken if she thinks that the German 'Stimmt' is in any way connected with voting—'abstimmen'. *Stimmt* means 'is in tune'—as a tuning fork is *Stimmungsgabel* in German. *Stimmt* is therefore not so much a symptom of German 'timidity', as Miss Kennedy, having read her Lord Northcliffe, or Lord Vansittart, all too readily assumes, but is an expression of that much more relevant German characteristic, the Faustian, or cosmic, nexus. In tune with what? is the point here. The whole thing seems to indicate that no one must go by clichés, not even Byronic ones.

Yours, etc.,

Tenterden

HAROLD KURTZ

### 'Romeo and Juliet'

Sir,—Miss Norah Mason's criticism of my recent production of *Romeo and Juliet* appears to me to be diminished in force by such remarks as 'blasts of excerpts from Tchaikovsky's *Fantasia*', 'hackneyed music', 'almost unbearable', and so forth.

It is, of course, perfectly arguable that the wedding of two such strong personalities as Shakespeare and Tchaikovsky may not have proved a successful union. On the other hand, I suggest that it was an interesting experiment. Quite a number of people have taken the trouble to write to me expressing their pleasure that the experiment was made.

A critic is always entitled to his or her opinion; I submit that she is not entitled to lay down a Median and Persian Law. In the face of such music-cum-drama productions as *The Rescue*, *The Dark Tower*, and *Hassan*, the view that plays are automatically the better without the accompaniment of appropriate music is simply untenable.—Yours, etc.,

B.B.C., London, W.1

VAL GIELGUD

### No Poetry in Railways

Sir,—The delightful talk by Norman Nicholson which you print in *THE LISTENER* of December 4, on the subject of poets drawing

themes from among the inventions of the past century or so, recalled to my mind a short and, I think, not very well-known poem by Thomas Hardy, in which I have always felt that the motor car makes a most apt appearance. I quote, I hope not inaccurately, from memory:

Tree leaves labour up and down,  
And through them the darkening light  
Succumbs to the crawl of night.  
Outside in the road a telegraph wire  
To the town, from the darkening land,  
Intones to travellers like a spectral lyre  
Swept by a spectral hand.

A car comes up, with lamps full glare  
Which flash upon a tree.  
It has nothing to do with me,  
But whangs along in a world of its own,  
Leaving a blacker air,  
And mute by the gate I stand again alone,  
And nobody pulls up there.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.7 ALEC CLIFTON-TAYLOR

### Education in America

Sir,—I read with the liveliest interest Mr. Peter F. Drucker's 'Education and Future American Society' in *THE LISTENER* of October 30. Informative and suggestive, it illuminates still inadequately understood changes in American educational developments of recent decades. It is with reluctance, therefore, that I call attention to several misconceptions which mar an exceptional talk.

Mr. Drucker observed that 'The more highly educated [young women] are, the earlier they marry . . .'. Census data do not support this. Among urban women, for the period 1947-54, the median age at first marriage is 23.9 years for those with four or more years of college education and 21.8 years for those with seven or less years of elementary schooling. The lowest median age at first marriage—19.4 years—is for the group of young women with one through three years of high school.

The census data also challenge Mr. Drucker's assertion that 'It is today the girl in the factory who tends to marry late rather than the girl in the university'. In March 1957, of the young women nineteen years and younger in the labour force classified as 'Operatives and kindred workers', 23 per cent. were married; of those 20 through 24 years old, 64 per cent. were married. In October 1956, of the young women enrolled in college or professional schools, 2.2 per cent. of the 14 through 19 year olds and 26.9 per cent. of the 20 through 34 year olds were married.

Nor is Mr. Drucker correct in saying that 'It is the highly educated today who start having children the earliest and tend to have the largest families'. The 1950 census data show that 75 per cent. of the women with four or more years of college who were married one or two years were childless, in contrast to the 45 per cent. childless among women who had attended only elementary school. The number of children per 1,000 women for the college-educated group was 290, compared with 525 for the elementary school group.

While it is generally true that 'more and more of the young educated women work to support a husband', as Mr. Drucker remarked, it is important to add this does not hold if they have children under six. Labour force participation rates for women still fall with marriage and drop

very sharply with the advent of the first child. They rise after the youngest child reaches school age. The most striking single change in women's employment in the United States in the course of the present century is not the disappearance of the 'career woman', to which Mr. Drucker called attention, but the return to work or initial participation in the labour force among married women in their thirties, forties, and fifties. In its 1957 study, *Womanpower*, the National Manpower Council pointed out that the proportion of women in the labour force is now about the same for the 50- and the 20-year-olds.

Yours, etc.,

Columbia University  
New York, 27

HENRY DAVID,  
Executive Director,  
National Manpower Council

### The Problem of Evil

Sir,—In his talk, 'The Problem of Evil', printed in *THE LISTENER* of December 4, Lord Samuel speaks of 'the Devil of medieval Christianity' and 'the Satan of Milton', as if both these terms for the supreme Adversary of Good, and that Adversary himself, had been illegitimately grafted on in medieval times to an originally Devil-Satan-free primitive Christianity.

This is emphatically not so. Our Lord four times Himself speaks authoritatively of the existence of the Devil, and six times of him under the title Satan: making ten in all. The existence of the personal Davil (Satan) is an integral part of our Lord's teaching.

With sincere deference, might I refer Viscount Samuel to an article of mine, 'The Primacy of a Christian Philosophy', which appeared in the July-September 1951 issue of *The Church Quarterly Review*, where I endeavour to show the reasonableness of a personal Devil, which at the same time introduces no duality into the Christian religion.—Yours, etc.,

Devon

NORMAN ADCOCK  
(Rector of Lapford)

### The Clown

He wears the spangled pantaloons  
And swings their divided crinoline  
From clever hips, where bitty rings  
On blanced fingers point his quips.

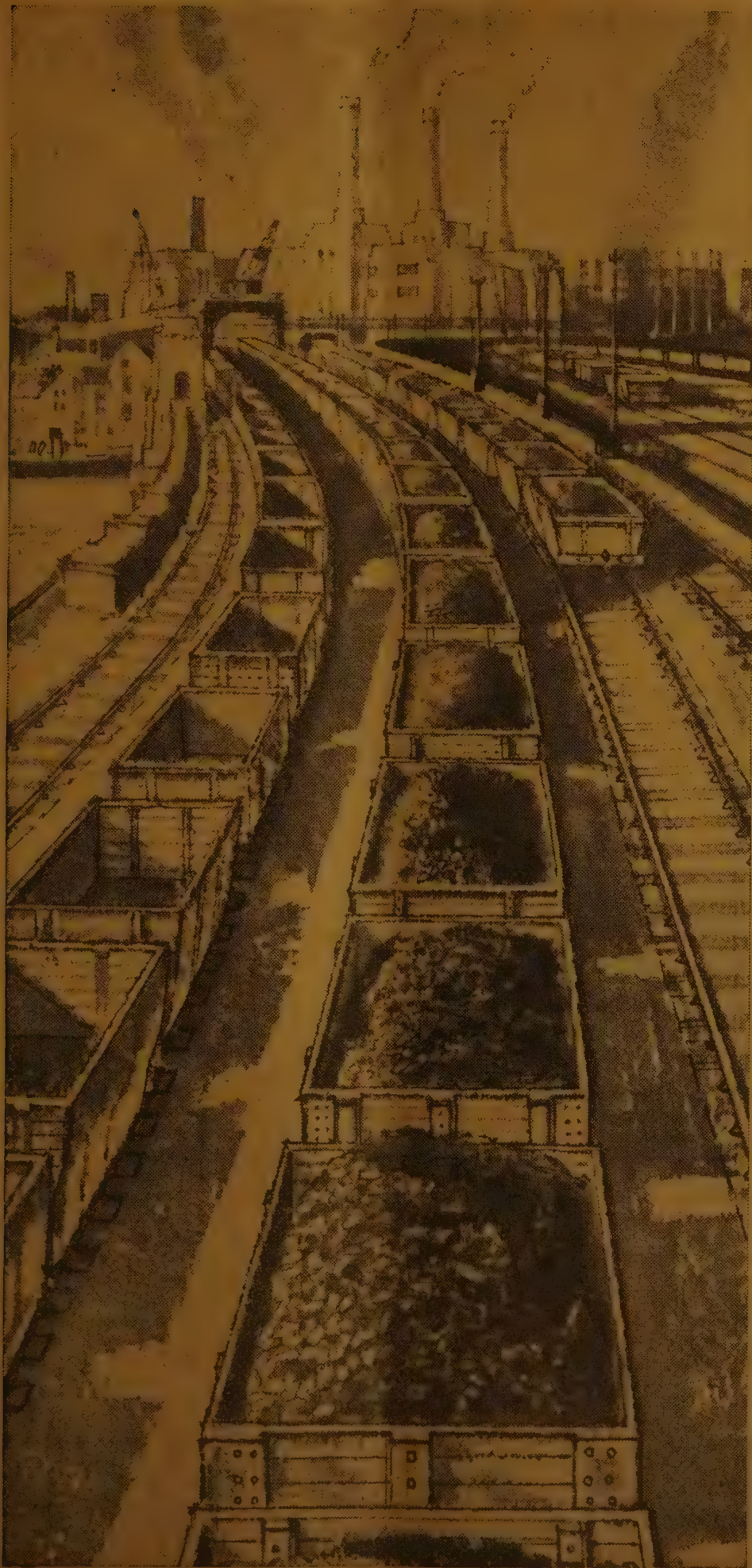
A bracelet of brilliants round  
One bony ankle coruscates  
The white stockings and the pointed  
pumps  
On slender shanks and tiny feet.

The dead-white face obliterates  
All but the empty glitter of his eyes  
And the thin red lips, like a tart's,  
Rimming the dingy sparkle of a smile.

One huge black eyebrow, masked  
In permanent inquiry, mocks  
The other, significantly mean.  
His questions beg the innocent reply.

His rustic companion's broad response  
Is no concern of his, though he pretends  
surprise.  
His smartness shames the heart, whose  
ignorance  
Can ask no questions, and can tell no lies.

JAMES KIRKUP



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# Round the London Art Galleries

By DAVID SYLVESTER

**W**HEN a dealer's gallery organizes an exhibition of a master on the scale of an official exhibition, and especially when it's the first major exhibition of that master ever held in this country, it seems ungrateful to criticize. Still, it must be said that the selection of nearly a hundred works by Boudin at Marlborough Fine Art does tend to over-emphasize his respectability. There are many fine Boudins here, but the tendency is to show Boudin at his least unbuttoned. Not one of those pastel studies of clouds which are his most spontaneous and most original works is included. There is little evidence of the influence of Courbet. There are too few paintings in which there is not a surfeit of figures.

It could be argued that the figure in a landscape is the great theme of nineteenth-century painting, as the nude is that of the sixteenth and still life that of the twentieth. For Constable and Delacroix, Courbet and Corot and Millet, Pissarro and Seurat, Renoir and Gauguin and Cézanne, the human figure in nature is a truly religious subject, an image of harmony, of trust, of redemption. For Boudin, the human figure in nature is a convention of picture-making. His passion is the lonely contemplation of sea and sky, of their intense and self-sufficient life. These are the things he saw. The figures were intruders, only a means to produce a 'finished picture', such as he felt he ought to produce. They have been put into the picture, but they haven't been observed, with understanding and care. They are pictorial devices, borrowed plumage. The painting of the sky is the result of an absolutely direct experience, something seen for what it is, not filtered through art. The figures are lifted out of picturesque painting of the eighteenth century. And in the process they have lost their glamour: removed from the glittering Guardi landscape into a colder climate, the figures themselves lose their glitter, like stranded goldfish. They have the artificiality of the picturesque but not its exotic sparkling life, and the artificiality only vitiates the effect of their scrupulously truthful setting.

It is when he accepts his obsession completely, paints with as little thought to producing a piece of furniture as when he made the pastel studies of clouds, that Boudin fully communicates his wonderful feeling for the life of air, the presence of space.

There are several excellent pieces in a miscellany at Tooth's which closes this Saturday. There is a drinking scene by Hogarth; a 'Perseus and Andromeda' by Delacroix which seems to have been based on an engraving after the Titian in the Wallace Collection; a fine Tiepolo drawing; a beautiful little Vuillard pastel; a

Gauguin Brittany landscape; a first-rate Dufy; and some Degas drawings of dancers which are quite a cut above the average Degas drawing nowadays seen in dealers' galleries.

The miscellany at Roland, Browse and Delbanco's consists of small pictures, of which the

the Trafford Gallery show paintings of 'Parks and Statues' to which Carel Weight makes a distinguished contribution, and the Beaux Arts has an *accrochage* of its regular exhibitors. It is always pleasant to see the mixed shows at the Beaux Arts, simply because they provide some

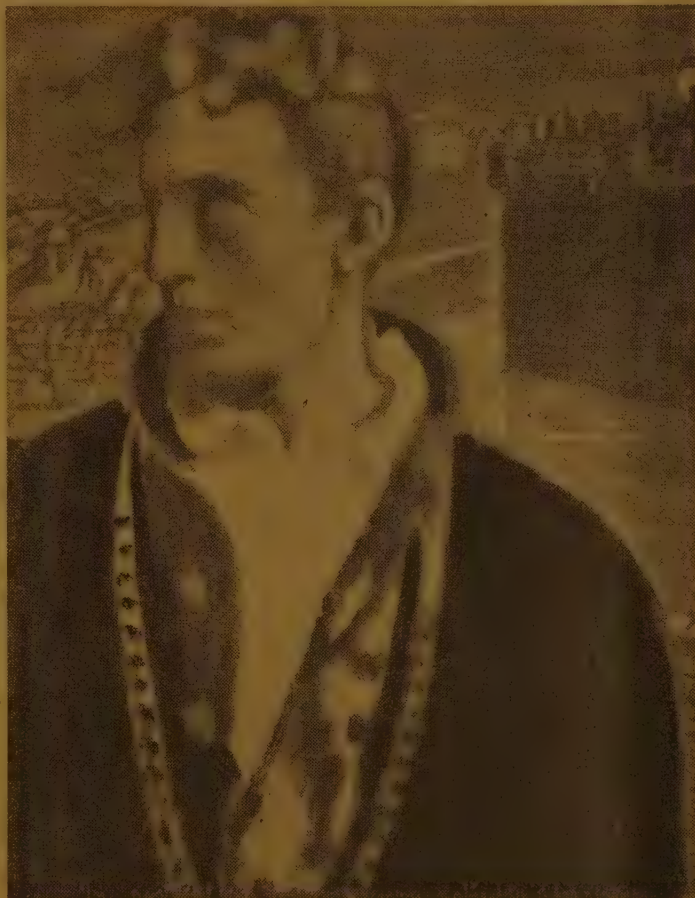
reassurance—badly needed nowadays—that for some painters at least painting is a risk and not a toy. This particular show is especially worth seeing because it includes a new large landscape by Frank Auerbach which orders space in a way that is positively majestic.

At Lord's Gallery, St. John's Wood, is the first one-man show of a sculptor aged twenty-one, John Wragg, who strikes me as having quite an exceptional talent. He seems to have been influenced, in great things or small, by a very extensive and curious assortment of modern sculptors—Picasso, Brancusi, Giacometti, Moore, Marini, Butler, Ralph Brown, and his former teacher Austin Wright: he has an endearing absence of shame about his borrowings. But, whatever the source, the work has conviction and sculptural energy. The most recent piece here, a group of three erect forms called 'The Creation of Eve'—a sort of serial transformation of rib into woman—begins to be personal (in spite of an apparent indebtedness to Brancusi's 'Adam and Eve') as well as vital. But what matters is not so much that it is a successful work of the imagination in itself, but the qualities manifest in it. Observe how the forms seem to have at one and the same time a bony hardness and the resilience, the give, of flesh. This particular co-existence of opposites is the unmistakable mark of the true sculptor.

Ghika's surprisingly turbulent new paintings at the Leicester Galleries are reminiscent of certain Masson landscapes of 1946-48. The successes are all among the smaller works: the larger ones are wanting in luminosity. Thelma Hulbert's translucent landscapes and still lifes, also at the Leicester, seem at first glance to be altogether dependent on feminine charm. It only needs a second glance to see that some of them, such as No. 1 and No. 27, have an authentic beauty.

The New Art Centre at 41 Sloane Street is a non-commercial enterprise which deserves all the support it can get. It could become an exceedingly useful shop window for new talent. But one would like to see it aim its sights above the merely respectable level of the works on show there now.

Recent books on archaeology are: *Roman and Native in North Britain*, edited by I. A. Richmond (Nelson, 18s.); *Town and Country in Roman Britain*, by A. L. F. Rivet (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.); and *Scotland Before History*, an essay by Stuart Piggott, with illustrations by Keith Henderson (Nelson, 15s.).



Sickert's portrait of Forbes-Robertson (collection Mr. David Tomlinson) at the Crane Kalman Gallery, 178 Brompton Road

most notable is certainly a seascape by Odilon Redon. Drawings by Sickert, Sutherland (No. 124), and Craxton, and a flower-painting after van Gogh by Philip Sutton, all at prices between 20 and 35 guineas, strike me as very good value.

The Crane Kalman Gallery's miscellany consists of old and modern paintings, drawings and prints of the theatre, circus, and music hall. These include a curious portrait of Lola Montez, some paintings by Lagar, a forgotten *mont-parnois* painter of the 'twenties, well worth reviving, and Sickert's portrait of Johnston Forbes-Robertson as Hamlet. The Redfern's miscellany is a huge show of colour prints, domestic and foreign, including more than fifty Picassos, and several Mirós and Kandinskys. There is much to tempt all pockets.

Turning from the more miscellaneous miscellanies to those confined to contemporary British work, Wildenstein's have a remarkably undistinguished collection, relieved by some pleasant romantic landscapes by Brian Roxby,

# The Listener's Book Chronicle

## Puccini. A Critical Biography

By Mosco Carner. Duckworth. £3 10s.

Reviewed by SCOTT GODDARD

THIS IS AN IMPORTANT BOOK in which all the known aspects of its subject are dealt with while some unguessed ones of considerable pertinence are revealed. It will become indispensable to the student of opera as an art form and not only of Puccini's works. For reference purposes it is eminently valuable and above all it is a most necessary corrective. For Puccini's music, hot and assertive as it is essentially, acts instantly on our feelings and we need someone like Dr. Carner to restore our balance as we stagger from the opera house drenched in emotion. Not even Wagner can affect us in this way. Indeed it must be said for Puccini that once heard his music may not be ignored. It is a token of its animal vitality, maybe, that one cannot but be hotly engaged either for or against; either as one of those who say that never has a musician seen more clearly into the human heart, or of those who feel that a composer had never before so shamelessly bared the very viscera of human emotions to the gaze of the public.

It takes a powerful stimulant to engender not merely swooning ecstasy but the bile of the moralist. Opera, it has been said, should leave certain aspects of this poor life of ours unsung; it debases the art to have Strauss's Salome apostrophizing John the Baptist's head; and Puccini debases opera by scenes of torture (off) and attempted rape (on) in 'La Tosca'. Yet if opera is not to degenerate into a precious little entertainment suited to the attention of virgins and eunuchs, should it not be prepared to take as wide a range of experience within its scope as drama and the film?

Dr. Carner is no moralist when it comes to Cavaradossi's torture and Tosca's 'infamous bargain' (as with exemplary delicacy he describes it) with Scarpia. As befits an author of his subtle perceptions he is careful for our feelings, us puritanical English, and incidentally displays an enviable command of our language such as a few of our foreign guests have attained. He is Viennese which means that he starts with a natural bias towards Puccini, as he makes us realize when he mentions (it is one of his many pertinent allusions) the similarity between Puccini's poor little ladies, the Mimi-Angelica-Liu series and the 'Sweet Viennese girls' of Schnitzler's tales; a family likeness that accounts for Vienna's partiality for Puccini.

Besides restoring our balance in regard to Puccini's lush music, Dr. Carner keeps his own. Nothing makes one trust his judgment so much as his proved ability to stand back from his subject and, after having delved deep into its musical, and as deep into its psychological, implications, to extricate himself and us with some clear, memorable summary of the evidence. Sigmund Freud was a fellow citizen whose technique of investigation Dr. Carner employs as by second nature. That gives the central part of this book such intense fascination as he lays bare the phobias and inhibitions of the composer who, it appears, suffered from a peculiarly insistent

mother fixation. This, according to Dr. Carner, conditioned all Puccini's dealings with other women, not only his poor, jealous wife Elvira but the succession of lovelies he selected as heroines of his opera plots, Butterfly and Mimi, Tosca and Turandot.

On either side of this enthralling essay in the analysis of Puccini's mind and soul stand the purely musical sections, the first a well documented biography with two revealing photographs of Puccini as a lad with the half-open mouth of an adenoidal type, and as a young man with the lips closing over a cigarette, the chain smoker now, increasing the burden on lungs and throat that was to help forward the cancer that killed him. The final section is a copiously illustrated analysis of the music. Dr. Carner writes authoritatively throughout and it will be long before his notable book is superseded. At rare moments his sentiments get the upper hand with diverting results. Those four dim young men, the artists in 'La Bohème', for instance; do their antics really make anyone today feel 'that this is youth as he might find it in any great city at any period'? Yet much is forgiven a writer who can remind us that 'voice is an extension of sex' and lay bare in a single sentence—'the ground bass of Verdi's operas is a battle cry, of Puccini's it is a mating-call'—an essential dissimilarity. Such flashes of insight give a keen edge to enjoyment.

## Land Without Justice

By Milovan Djilas. Methuen. 25s.

This book was completed by Milovan Djilas before his second trial in Belgrade and return to prison in December, 1956. In tone and content, it is written in sharply contrasting style to his attack on the Yugoslav party bureaucracy, *The New Class*, the publication of which abroad led him back to the same gaol where he had been confined as a Communist agitator at the age of twenty-one.

*Land Without Justice*, in spite of its title, is not a defiant political challenge, but autobiographical folk-lore. It is a lyrical tale in classical Montenegrin tradition; essentially, the story of Djilas's own clan, 'the story of a family, may be the portrait in miniature of a land'. The tale is dark and bloody, shot through with treachery, blood feud, and revenge, a Balkan world not unlike the Scotland of Macbeth, not excluding the witches. It is a dying world, but in its habits and customs, grimly linked with the more recent days of civil war, enemy occupation and revolution, all familiar scenes in the more recent history of Djilas's native country.

It is against such a background that Djilas has sought to create a self-portrait and a self-analysis. He is at pains to describe the climate in which he himself became a rebel and seeks in his own experience the causes of his latter-day disillusionment. 'The revolution gave me everything—except what I idealistically expected from it'. His faith is not to believe in gods but in his fellow men, but with tribulation and in his present isolation he has, in a sense, put himself into perspective. 'Man does not leave behind the world he found—though he arose from it. He himself has both changed it and

become changed with it—man's world is one of becoming'.

The tone and form of this strangely moving book is that of the epic ballad, rather than the treatise of the sophisticated intellectual. It smells of the mountains and the forests, harsh and unsubdued by man, and the state of the eternal struggle of nature against human subjugation. The basic theme is that of proud defiance against the savagery of the historical invaders, the Turks, the Austrians, and those other hosts of peoples in the course of the long history of Montenegro, against the oppression of the powerful, against the enemy without and within. In spite of loss of faith and liberty, the author remains at heart untouched. The lack of immanent justice is, when he reflects, no surprise. It would not occur to him to apologize. 'It would be easy to promise that we would not do what we did, if only we could feel truly guilty for what we did'.

F. W. D. DEAKIN

## John Betjeman's Collected Poems. Compiled with an Introduction by the Earl of Birkenhead. Murray. 15s.

What do Top People read when they have finished *The Times*? They will certainly be reading *John Betjeman's Collected Poems* this Christmas. He is in the rare position of being both *chic* and popular. His poems actually make money. Lord Birkenhead says so in his introduction, which, like Mr. Sparrow's in a previous volume, is an exercise in that kind of old-school-tie admiration this poet naturally attracts, to the embarrassment and regret of his humbler admirers. Lord Birkenhead writes rather in the style of a funeral oration: 'of his undeniable interest in the suburbs I have already spoken', and so on. And isn't it perhaps ominous that Mr. Betjeman has entrusted so important a task as the collection of his work to another? This suggests a curious lack of seriousness towards his own work.

In a recent *New Yorker* article Edmund Wilson named Mr. Betjeman, Mr. Auden and Dylan Thomas as the three best English poets since Eliot. Mr. Wilson has not always been notably anglophil, and Mr. Betjeman is the pure milk—or perhaps gin-and-tonic—of the English upper-middle class; so his presence in the list is curious and hard to explain if intended as a serious critical judgment and not just an acknowledgment of the fact that all three poets have attained a popularity wider than poets usually have nowadays. Mr. Betjeman's popularity is, of course, almost entirely with the middle class. Elsewhere I should think his work would be almost meaningless. And if he is more than a *Punch* poet, it is not because his values or interests rise above the *Punch* poet's, but because (*pace* Lord Birkenhead) his own emotions enter into everything he writes. He really feels it and means it. Does class matter? By jove, yes. Down with vulgar new rich city men; down with suburban pseudo-gentility; down with supercinemas, neon, fish and chips, chromium; down with the phoney picture-postcard England of the brewers' advertisements. Up with romantic Baker-street buffet; up with churches; up with the Home Counties and horses. Down, in short,

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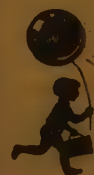
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with the century of the common man, and up with the past from about 1880 to 1914.

And of course one sometimes agrees. Mr. Betjeman is an extraordinarily accurate observer and recorder of middle-class manners and prejudices, some of which are endearing and even good. But at times the exclusiveness and triviality of this point of view seems ignoble and, like all rearguard actions, rather pathetic. It is all very funny; but how seldom one laughs without a pharisaic snigger; and how unscrupulously Mr. Betjeman beguiles and flatters us into accepting his values along with his verbal felicities. We may feel cleverer, 'nicer' or more U after reading him; we rarely feel better.

If all this seems too 'serious', it is the fault of Mr. Betjeman's disciples, not himself. Let me end by saying that some of his descriptive pieces are enchanting: 'Upper Lambourn' for instance, shows that his ear is as good as Blunden's or even Housman's. And sometimes social criticism gives place to a wider sympathy:

'Let us not speak, for the love we bear one another—  
Let us hold hands and look'.  
She, such-a very ordinary little woman;  
He, such a thumping crook;  
But both, for a moment, little lower than the angels  
In the teashop's ingle-nook.

That is exquisite; Hardy himself could not have done it better.

K. W. GRANDSEN

**Magic and the Magician: E. Nesbit and her Children's Books**

By Noel Streatfeild. Benn. 15s.

The E. Nesbit centenary—her dates were 1858 to 1924—has brought to the surface the very considerable undercurrent of enthusiasm for her children's stories—kept more or less in print over the years by Messrs. Benn. It has also been the occasion for this curiously interesting book. Ostensibly it is an account of E. Nesbit's childhood years and of her ten best tales—a simple enough matter for so seasoned a professional as Miss Streatfeild. But under the smooth and racing manner more problematic workings can be sensed: one member of a craft, you might say, is pondering on the motives and workmanship of another. *Magic and the Magician* does not at all overlap the valuable Nesbit biography by Mrs. Langley Moore (1933). This was in many ways a startling document. Here, before the years of success, was the Fabian Nesbit, the bohemian hostess and harassed, breadwinning scribbler, stormily married to the rakish Hubert Bland, bringing up a mixed household of Bland's bastards and her own surviving children.

Miss Streatfeild's book is designed for the young, and little or nothing of that adult history is to be found in it. Its basis is a small mine of material which Mrs. Langley Moore came upon too late to use in her own volume—a series of autobiographical sketches of E. Nesbit's early life written in 1896 for the now defunct *Girl's Own Paper*. They are, as the extracts show, peculiarly vivid and endearing, often deeply touched with pathos; they are also a clue to much in E. Nesbit's books. For, as Miss Streatfeild indicates, she did not draw from the children around her but from the memory of the child she was. This is an important difference.

E. Nesbit's childhood was far from conventional. Her father, who was head of an agricultural college in south-east London, died when

Edith, his youngest, was four. We read of the little girl's boarding school misery and of years spent wandering in France and Germany with her kind but original mother and a tubercular older sister. Rescue came, as it were, with the Franco-Prussian War: at thirteen she was to know at last a settled country home in Kent, a garden, adored brothers, endless summers. . . .

The baffling part of the story has always been in the books themselves. How, at the age of forty, did the facile and scrambling journalist suddenly turn into the writer of these brilliant tales, whose living essence is in their word and phrase? Miss Streatfeild had the solution in her hands, but somehow, in her typically hurried manner, let it go. It is actually Miss Eleanor Graham in her introduction to the new Puffin edition of *The Treasure Seekers*, who points to the bridge—those commissioned articles of 1896 on E. Nesbit's childish past. In looking back, E. Nesbit had found her field. A year or so later she was at work on the Bastable saga.

And yet, there is no lack of penetrating observations in Miss Streatfeild's study. Why, she asks, did E. Nesbit time and again discard a popular set of characters in the face of her public and publishers? The question is a significant one: so is Miss Streatfeild's reply. She discusses, too, the powerful image of the house in the Nesbit books; the reason why the setting is so often London rather than the countryside; the motive for the terrifying scenes—the only ones of their kind in Nesbit—running through *The Enchanted Castle*. On the Bastable characters she is superb. She is really at her best in the accounts of the books; they offer a fresh road into the familiar Nesbit-world, but one in keeping with the youthful vivacity of the place; nostalgia is lit by discovery. Adult Nesbiters will find much to interest them in *Magic and the Magician*, but it is not often that a work of this kind can be recommended so positively, as an imaginative adventure in itself, for the young.

NAOMI LEWIS

**World Without War. By J. D. Bernal. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 25s.**

Professor Bernal has written a remarkable book. It is astonishing that a specialist in physics and chemistry should have so wide an interest in his fellow beings and know so much of the powers that modern science is contributing to their welfare. The need for increased endowment of those engaged in fundamental research in all the sciences, the dangers of nuclear warfare, ways of ending the 'cold war', the future of food supply, the radical improvement necessary in our transport system, the conquest of incurable disease, are some of the many subjects he writes about with a wealth of facts, figures, and diagrams. He does not proclaim himself either an optimist or a meliorist, but every reader who studies what he has to say will feel that, if we can keep the peace and behave ourselves, the future is going to be vastly better for our descendants than ever it has been. In a sense, in Emerson's phrase, all the good things are on the highway. Transformed by the techniques and discoveries of science they are potentially in our homes and on our lands. But we must have peace; we must behave ourselves. We must co-operate with, if we cannot love, those whom we dislike. The resources of the more fortunate countries must reinforce those of the less fortunate, if not as an act of decency at least as an

investment for the future welfare of the world as a whole.

As a scientist Professor Bernal is optimistic about the potentialities of research properly but not 'bossily' planned; the discoveries of research are always rewarding. But, like Chesterton's Father Brown, he realizes that the difficulty is less to find the solutions as to find the problems. We have to find the easy problems first, to do 'the work that's nearest'. Those who worry about the food supply for the ever-increasing population of the world will be interested in what he has to say on the harvest from the sea and what might be synthesized from neglected material on land. And those who know what can be done today in the chemical laboratory will not be too surprised by his speculation that one day we may equal, maybe even surpass, our present greatest chemist—the living cell.

A. S. RUSSELL

**The Decipherment of Linear B. By John Chadwick. Cambridge. 18s. 6d. From Mycenae to Homer. A study in early Greek literature and art.**

By T. B. L. Webster. Methuen. 30s.

A young architect of thirty who had done 'a bit of Greek' at Stowe, in 1952 made the most exciting discovery in Greek studies since Schliemann excavated Mycenae and Evans Knossos. Four years later he was dead, just before the triumphant publication of his *Documents in Mycenaean Greek*, written with Chadwick as his expert in Greek philology. Chadwick now gives a popular but scholarly account of the whole decipherment, and what Ventris's 'overwhelming modesty' had partly concealed becomes clearer, his personality and the components of his genius, indomitable work and brilliant flair. The process of decipherment is traced in more detail; also its reception and acceptance by all but a few whose errors are here briefly exposed; and Chadwick ends with a cautious review of what light has been thrown on the Mycenaean age and what darkness remains, perhaps to be dissipated by new tablets from Iolcos or Cyprus.

Professor Webster is less cautious, and discusses boldly the 'thorny problem' at which Chadwick only glances. The decipherment of Linear B is not the only development which makes a new comprehensive review of the Homeric problem in English timely, since Sir Maurice Bowra's in 1930 and Nilsson's in 1933. Milman Parry began in 1928 to show that Homer is the product of a tradition of oral extemporization in formulaic language, but his ideas have made their way only slowly. But more important for Professor Webster's approach is that the dark age between the collapse of the Mycenaean kingdoms about 1200 and the first emergence of classical Greece in the eighth century has ceased to be so dark. Its scanty remains have been increased by digging, at Smyrna for instance, and re-interpreted. It can now be seen that the preservation of the Mycenaean poetic tradition is due to Athens, which successfully resisted two attacks of the invading Dorians and protected the refugees from Pylos and elsewhere. Athens then became the centre in which the new geometric art (and the new practice of cremation) arose and was carried over all Greece. At Athens Greek mythology was systematized about a few genera-

tions and three wars, and passed to the mainland School of Hesiod and to the overseas Ionic tradition of Homer.

Linear B gives us scanty and tantalizing evidence for the Greek spoken when the oral tradition that culminated in Homer began. The greater mass of more varied documents from the Near Eastern kingdoms of the Mycenaean age have perhaps tempted Professor Webster to assume too easily that the Mycenaean *Wanax* was likewise a divine king. But even if no literary text has yet come to light in Greece, he is right to devote a chapter to Mycenaean poetry. How much in Homer is Mycenaean, can be disputed, and Professor Webster claims only what cannot be later. Mycenaean vases represent various poetical performances and scenes parallel to poetry, if not derived from it. But how does he know that these poets sang 'in double short rhythm' and not in hexameters? As for geometric art from about 1000 B.C. to 700, he persuades us to look at it with new interest as a major art with new principles of composition, which he finds also in Homer's technique of composition.

If this parallel between visual and verbal arts seems doubtful, scenes on geometric vases are certainly derived from poetry: the shields that never existed outside the vases can be only an attempt to interpret poetic tradition. But the miracle of Homer is more than traditional technique and can be interpreted only as the personal genius of one, or at most two, great poets who composed the *Iliad*, 'not long, if at all, before 750 B.C. and the *Odyssey*, not long, if at all, after 720' for performance by relays of reciters at a great festival, the *Iliad* for Poseidon at Mycale, the *Odyssey* for Apollo at Delos. The poet(s) used alphabetic writing to construct his subtle unities and to teach his team: exactly how, within an oral tradition, Professor Webster does not make quite clear.

Few scholars have the varied skills required to attempt so ambitious a literary and archaeological synthesis as this book provides. It is fascinating, but not easy, reading, as the argument is close and sometimes technical. But Professor Webster's picture emerges with growing clarity and persuasiveness. He deserves congratulation for putting all the questions together afresh in the form which present knowledge demands, and so advancing Homeric criticism to a new stage.

C. G. HARDIE

### **Temiar Jungle: A Malayan Journey**

By John Slimming. Murray. 18s.

This book treats of the same aboriginal people as did *Noone of the Ulu*, recently published, and therefore invites comparison with it. *Temiar Jungle* is much the better book, being based on personal experience and not compiled from letters. The style is good, but there is some loose writing and several ambiguities (e.g., the 'poor ambassadors' on page 12 may have been poor in worldly goods but they were good ambassadors, and, page 142, 'sexual intercourse before puberty is severely punished by flogging or fines' presumably does not mean exactly what it says). One point is worthy of mention, not so much as a criticism of this book as of current usage. *Perahu* (thus printed) has long been anglicized as prau, prahu, or proa, as given in *Chambers's Dictionary*, but the *Shorter Oxford* curiously omits all three. (Has the O.E.D. not read Henry?) The word rotan (rattan, ratan)

dates (says the O.E.D.) from 1660, but in *Temiar Jungle* it appears in inverted commas. This deanglicization, which is now fashionable, would not be approved by many—in particular, it would earn the condemnation of Sir Winston Churchill!

These details, however, are secondary to the author's success in coming to sympathetic grips with the Temiar, and to his vivid realization of the jungle. Mr. Slimming, whose concern both as an Assistant Protector of Aborigines and as a human being was primarily for the protection of the Temiar, was in frequent conflict with the Special Branch of the police charged with 'denying' these people to the Chinese Communists. The 'resettlement' imposed on them intended to produce 'jungle slums', while their deserted *ladangs* (cultivated clearings), ironically enough, often supplied the Communists with the food that resettlement was intended to deny them.

What will be the fate of the aborigines in independent Malaya? Mr. Slimming speaks of the arrogant contempt with which the Malays habitually treat the aborigines and says that 'the problem lies deep in the Malay character which is unlikely to change'. Certainly this attitude is at the other pole of tolerance for fellow creatures to that of the young Temiar woman whom Mr. Slimming describes as suckling her baby at one breast and a wild pig at the other.

The illustrations are superb, and the picture of Chabok alone is calculated to win over the reader to the cause of the Temiar.

VICTOR PURCELL

### **The Ancient Library of Qumrân and Modern Biblical Studies**

By F. M. Cross. Duckworth. 21s.

This is a book for those who already know something about the study of the Old Testament and of Christian origins. The footnotes are extensive, so much so that thrice they oust the text and occupy a whole page, and the author expects the reader to find out for himself the meaning of such sigla as 4Qqoh<sup>a</sup> (a fragment of Ecclesiastes found in Cave IV) and 4QFlor (wholly mysterious). He prints Greek words in Greek type and transliterates Hebrew and Aramaic words in such a way that those who know no Hebrew will find them meaningless and those who know the language will find them more difficult to read than Hebrew type. But these are only the incidental inconveniences of a book which can almost be described as authoritative in spite of the extreme difficulty of writing anything on this subject which is not provisional.

Dr. Cross is one of a small team employed in the Palestine Archaeological Museum in collating, reading and editing the thousands of fragments, large and small, of scrolls from Qumrân and its environs which have in recent years been discovered. He is a master of his subject; he is widely read in all the miscellaneous and widely-distributed literature on the subject which has appeared since 1949, and alike on the archaeological, literary, palaeographical and linguistic evidence his judgment cannot fail to carry weight with those who know something about ancient history and ancient Semitic literature.

Dr. Cross claims that ten years' work on the Scrolls has produced enough evidence to establish a number of facts concerning the Qumrân sect firmly and finally, and he makes a good case to support his claim. The archaeological

evidence shows that the sect inhabited the Qumrân site from a date after the year 134 B.C. till the year A.D. 68. The palaeographic evidence (derived, that is, from the development of the script of the Scrolls) forbids us to place the writing of the main documents of the sect, the Manual of Discipline and the Damascus Document, much after 100 B.C. The identification of the sect as the Essenes is almost certain. Theories which either relegate all the documents to the Middle Ages or identify the Wicked Priest and the Righteous Teacher with characters (Jewish or Christian) of the first century A.D. are now finally ruled out of court. The identification of the Wicked Priest with Alexander Jannaeus is remotely improbable. No book of the Bible can possibly have been written later than about 160 B.C.; no Psalms, for instance can any longer be described as Maccabaeic. These are some of the conclusions to which Dr. Cross' sober statement of the known facts inexorably drives us.

He deals with every aspect of his subject, including the light thrown by it on Old Testament textual criticism and, in consequence, he has to deal in its turn with the contribution of the Scrolls to our knowledge of early Christianity. In spite of a postscript which points out very briefly some of the differences between the Essenes and the Christians, Dr. Cross leaves the impression that he is too ready to be confident that important resemblances between the two faiths have been established. He goes far beyond the evidence in suggesting that the Dead Sea Scrolls give us the key to the origin of the distinctive ideas of the Fourth Gospel; he fails to bring into proper prominence the obvious difference between the second Messiah of the Essenes, one of a pair, of the priestly line of Aaron, and the solitary Messiah of the Christians whom nobody calls a priest except the author of the Hebrews, and even he derives his priestly descent from Melchizedek, in a manner quite unparalleled in the Scrolls. And he makes too much of the far from impressive points of resemblances between the Essene and the Christian ministries. Anglicans, Methodists and Presbyterians are today all asking themselves, 'What is a bishop?' We do not believe that they will find any satisfactory answer by examining the *mebaqqer* of the Qumrân sect.

Affinities between the faith of the Essenes and the Christians are still a matter of debate and of opinion, and are likely to remain so for some time. Dr. Cross's book deserves admiration for its treatment of those aspects of his subject where debate should now be ending.

R. P. C. HANSON

### **Larger Birds of West Africa**

By D. Bannerman.

Penguin Books. 2s. 6d.

Dr. Bannerman, one of our most indefatigable ornithologists, has condensed the information in his eight-volume classic on the birds of West Africa to make a guide that describes in detail practically all the larger birds found between the Senegal River and the Cameroon-Nigerian highlands. The terse descriptions of each species are crammed with facts, and there is an excellent short introduction to each family. The beautiful drawings that illustrate the text are by H. Grönvold. This book is indispensable to all naturalists whose business or pleasure takes them to British West Africa.

L. HARRISON MATTHEWS



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# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

## DOCUMENTARY

### Public Eye

LAST WEEK'S 'Panorama' (December 1) was excellent. We began promisingly with John Freeman putting a series of searching and carefully thought out questions to Colonel Maurice Buckmaster about the organization of 'S.O.E.', the network of British agents in France during the war, which has recently been coming in for serious criticism. I am not well enough up in the background to these allegations to be able to judge whether Mr. Freeman made his point. Colonel Buckmaster defended himself with dignity and conveyed something of the sad isolation of secret operations: nobody thanks you if it goes right, everyone blames you if it goes wrong. But the matter is clearly one which affects the lives and honour of a number of people and as such deserved airing.

We also saw (on film) something of the work of Father Pire, a Belgian Dominican who has been awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for his 'European villages' which are helping refugees to find their way back to life. But the *coup* of the evening concerned *coups d'état*: Robert Kee's interviews with General Abboud, who has taken over control in the Sudan, and General Khan, who has taken over Pakistan (the first independent Commonwealth country to reject democracy). Both countries have a high percentage of illiterates, 85 per cent. in Pakistan, 90 per cent. in the Sudan. In both, the politicians were blamed for their failure to apply democracy 'effectively'. Britain, for once, was not blamed: as General Khan magnanimously put it, 'it's no use trying to

rake up the past'. Despite his Sandhurst charm, I thought Khan had a somewhat casual attitude towards some of the details of his régime; he appeared to have forgotten, for instance, what penalties were being imposed for what crimes. We also heard much about the restoration of democracy, once a workable and suitable constitution was found: a compromise, one gathered, between the chaos and irresponsibility of too many political parties and the dictatorship of a single strong-man party with no opposition at all.

Mr. Kee summed up admirably. Would these men whom we had seen and heard, and who seemed to be decent and honest, be able and willing to hand back to democracy the power they had so plausibly usurped? I was left with the reflection, perhaps over-optimistic, that even



'Panorama' on December 1: still from a film on the work of Father Pire, winner of the Nobel Peace Prize, in his 'European villages' for refugees



An Irish tenth-century house carved in stone on top of a cross seen in 'Bells, Books, and Croziers', in the 'Buried Treasure' series on December 5

a dictator, by allowing himself to be questioned like this, submits to some sort of democratic process. The public eye of television carries the truth, or some of the truth, about his régime abroad, and the fact that he is prepared to assist in this may be a hopeful sign.

More than a thousand years ago, what Yeats called 'the holy land of Ireland', perched on the very edge of the then known world, sent out her art, her learning, and her piety to England and much of Europe. Last Friday's programme in the 'Buried Treasure' series, 'Bells, Books, and Croziers', re-created that golden age for us in a sequence of imaginatively chosen and strikingly well photographed examples of Celtic art. We saw illuminated manuscripts, stone crosses, metal reliquaries; we visited the ruins of the island monastery of Skellig, where the monks continued the tradition of the desert fathers and lived like groups of hermits, together yet apart, each in his beehive cell. These 'Buried Treasure' programmes are undoubtedly the best thing of their kind on television. By assembling views of actual sites, and of objects in museums abroad, they bring



Cherry Kearton and Toto in Africa: from the programme about this pioneer in wild-life photography in 'Look' on December 4

the art and life of the past most beautifully to life in a way no other medium can.

Earlier in the week we had the first of a new series of travelogues, 'A Summer in Sicily'. A young Australian couple climbed Mount Etna and brought back an interesting film record of that snowy waste land of craters, where the heat of boiling lava vies with the cold, as steam from the earth's central fires forces its way between the ice-cracks. We saw the volcano obligingly erupt at night, and the lava track rolling forward like an armoured division. One admired the enthusiasm of these amateurs, whose first visit this was, not just to Sicily but to Europe. But there was rather too much commentary.

On December 4 'Look' paid tribute to 'The Start of it All': the late Cherry Kearton, the pioneer photographer of wild life. Peter Scott talked to his widow, whose reminiscences were illustrated with some of Kearton's 'first-ever' stills and movies of wild birds and big game: the latter filmed in close-up, in the days before the invention of telephoto-lenses and national parks made this kind of work comparatively safe.

Last week, 'Tonight' celebrated its four hundredth edition, and also its award as the best factual programme on either channel. Mr. Michelmore also received a personal award. Let me add my own congratulations to all concerned. What other programme could appear five nights a week without ever becoming stale, pretentious, boring, or silly?

K. W. GRANDSEN

## DRAMA

### A Miracle Play

IN HANDLING for Sunday night the story of Bernadette Soubirous, the girl whose visions, alleged or actual, put Lourdes so prominently on the map of pilgrimage, Michael Voysey had obvious difficulties to face: Those Protestants who are most suspicious of Mariolatry were confronted with a form of Christianity in which the Trinity seemed to be almost forgotten, so much was the emphasis on Our Lady. The anti-clericals and rationalists were shown a grotesque view of the local secular authorities, who had

presumably to maintain the laws of France pertaining to religious practices in 1858. In doing that duty the officials were presented as vain, incompetent boobies who might have figured as the light relief in an ancient musical comedy. After all, the secularists had some reason in history for associating Rome with reactionary politics and crafty intrigue.

The story of Bernadette Soubirous herself, like any treatment of a known event, could not have any suspense. We know that she won. Believers and unbelievers in the play could only assert their faith in the child or their rejection of her claims. Ninety minutes of that, even with a crowd mopping and mowing in the background in a frenzy of faith, provided a monotonous spectacle. Interest, accordingly, had to be found in the treatment of Bernadette in writing and performance.

Here is a part which cannot fail if there is any sincerity in playing it. Every kind of sentiment is, from the start, on the side of a child who is poor, ill, hungry, holy, visionary,

persecuted, and a mysterious source of the miraculous. There was at least a suggestion in the facts as stated that the girl, an invalid approaching puberty and mentally 'retarded', had some hysterical elements: so one expected a pinched, undeveloped, and nervous creature. In Chloe Gibson's production and Mary Webster's performance there was an obvious resolution to keep hysteria out of it. The girl was as solid a simpleton as you would find in any English village when times are good and food abundant. Perhaps Bernadette really did look that, but since there was so much stress on hunger in the home as well as hints of a tubercular cough, one naturally was surprised by this presentation: but there could be no question of intense and moving dedication to the part. One of the better performances came from John Welsh as the local Dean.

We were given our warning about Patrick Hamilton's 'The Duke in Darkness', a play of 1942 now produced for television (December 6) by Stephen Harrison. Send the children to bed: coax nervous Aunt Edna into retiring with a good book. It is true that one medieval French Duke did threaten to put out the eyes of a captive Duke with a red-hot iron, and then was dissuaded. But the same situation occurs, with



Scene from 'Bernadette Soubirous' on December 7, with (left, front) George Murcell as François, Bernadette's father; (in hat) Margaretta Scott as Madame Millet; (centre) Mary Webster as Bernadette; (behind her) Howard Lamb as Sergeant d'Angla; and (on Bernadette's left) Margot Van Der Burgh as Louise, her mother

more horror since the likely victim is a child, in Shakespeare's 'King John'. The extraction of eyes, as it were teeth, but without anaesthetic, is also a publicly seen episode in 'King Lear'. As both of these plays are in the usual curriculum of 'Eng. Lit.' for the young, there did not seem great reason for alarm. In any case Stephen Harrison directed this incident with so little emphasis on the bad Duke's gloating cruelty that no one, I fancy, can have been much perturbed about the good Duke's future vision.

The establishment in which the good Duke was château-bottled by his enemy offered, with its wide-open balcony, fair opportunities to an escapist once he had woven his rope and got the right information about where to turn when he reached the outer world. The prisoner had to get rid, as kindly as possible, of an old companion and fellow-captive who had gone mad: once that piece of euthanasia had been achieved, and the bad Duke tricked about the good Duke's powers of vision, all was plain galloping. It seemed to me that Stephen Murray was being wasted in this cloak, dagger, and red-hot-poker world, while Elwyn Brook-Jones was being cautiously frightened of being too frightful. William Russell gave a vivid picture of a young man to the rescue, and David Markham moved plausibly 'round the bend'.

In 'Private Investigator', written and produced by Arthur Swinson, we had the first of three dramatized episodes based on the work of an English detective agency. In this opening story there had been some dirty work about the purchase, with foreign currency, of a house in Brittany. The telling of the affair was handicapped by the presence of too many characters with

too little to do. Twenty-one named persons and others nameless made a large company in a thirty-minute sketch, and the viewer could well begin to feel baffled. Campbell Singer, who has so reassuringly represented the official 'dicks' in many a 'who-dunnit' on the stage, now spoke and 'sleuthed' for Private Enterprise with a no less solid and likeable appeal to public confidence.

IVOR BROWN

## Sound Broadcasting

### DRAMA

#### A New Anger

THE FACT THAT the Drama Department is now taking the place of the try-out theatre makes one's approach to certain plays rather cautious. Though some plays may achieve broadcasting success, one is reminded that, though they may commend themselves to the lone listener, they may not survive the social self-consciousness of the theatre audience.



Stephen Murray (left) as the Duke of Laterraine and William Russell as Voulain in 'The Duke in Darkness' on December 6

When the plays pack social kidney punches like the splendid ones in 'The Sky-Line', by Mr. Charles Lloyd-Jones, one fears for them, even though they well deserve theatrical success.

'The Sky-Line' is not a fashionable play. Its central figure is a man who believes that spiritual equilibrium can be achieved only by relating oneself to the context of history and who dies, shouting for truth, in the last act. It displays teddy boys as irredeemable beasts of violence and a sleeping-bag intellectual as a self-seeker who merely wants to use the search for truth as a publicity gimmick. Before the ranks of Suburbia cheer, it also exposes the habit-bound smugness of those who accept half-truths because a search for anything more would involve discomfort.

The play takes place in the park of a provincial town. Henry Blake (Mr. Ernest Clark) a middle-aged silversmith, walks in the park to look at a plaque which he has made and which commemorates a local historian. While he is thus avoiding his tyrannous wife, Harmony (Miss Peggy Thorpe-Bates), and her do-goody brother (Mr. Hugh Manning) he is attacked by a teddy boy (Mr. Reginald Jessup) who wants to destroy the plaque.

He is stunned and is succoured by Shirley (Miss June Tobin) a lapsed teddy girl with vague but sincere ideas about decent behaviour and thought. Their conversation, which was



Centre, foreground, Campbell Singer as John Unthank, and (on his left) Douglas Muir as Bill Jessel, his assistant, in the first of three stories about the 'Private Investigator' on December 4

## Who are the men behind the MANCHESTER GUARDIAN?



The man on the left is a very famous person indeed. Far too famous, unfortunately, to have his name bandied about in advertisements. An eagle-eyed expert could, however, recognise him by the pattern of his tie or the colour of his socks. It seems a pity that his tie is hidden and his socks are printed in black and white.

The man in the centre, as our illustration clearly shows, is standing on his head. Perhaps he is registering disapproval of the *Manchester Guardian*. Perhaps he is a home-sick Australian. Perhaps he is standing on his head for health reasons. Whatever his motive, it is quite pleasant to have him there, a living symbol of the *Manchester Guardian's* tolerance, respect for minority opinion, and twenty or thirty other shining virtues.

The man on the right, however, is standing firmly on his feet. He is doing this because he is forthright, outright, upright, and downright, and also because it brings his head into line with the *Manchester Guardian*, which he is reading. The *Manchester Guardian* (as he can see clearly from where he is standing) is also forth-, out-, up-, and downright. It's rather entertaining, too, and he reads it regularly, a pleasure which costs him threepence a day. *Threepence!* They'll be giving away steam-yachts next.



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just allowable by dramatic licence, is overheard by the sleeping-bag intellectual, Ryden Voyce (Mr. Jack May). Voyce scorns them both but becomes interested when he finds out that the old man has contacts. Realizing that his concussion gives him the chance to plead amnesia, Blake denies his wife and, casting adrift from his suffocating milieu, finds a love for Shirley. This love is rather a dramatic ruse but it provides Mr. Lloyd-Jones with a chance to express the value of Blake's point of view. The love in fact comes to nothing. The teddy boy who has previously denied his part in the assault returns to plead with the old man because he needs an alibi against an accusation of murder. But the old man refuses the alibi and in trying to make the boy tell the truth falls dead from his concussion.

There is then a momentary fear that Mr. Lloyd-Jones intends to redeem Voyce who goes to arrest the teddy boy. But Voyce remains savagely true to type and while he struggles with the other youth, calls out for a camera to take that front-page picture. The play ends sardonically with an advertising aeroplane droning 'Culmination. The lipstick that lasts all night' and one realizes that Mr. Lloyd-Jones has written a savage commentary on the phoney world that most of us inhabit.

If 'The Sky-Line' has a chancy future because it makes our current coconut shiers into Aunt Sallies, the fate of 'Inquisition' by Signor Diego Fabbri is doubtful because it contains a debate that does not immediately appeal to British audiences. Though it works through to the conclusion that we must learn to accept each other as we are and that we must—if we have not read Hume—get used to the idea that we are each alone, the means to this end are heavy going to those who are not Roman Catholics.

The play was about a woman fighting for possession of her husband who wanted to become a priest. She wins, but not before a priest has doubted his profession, and her husband and the abbot of the sanctuary in which the action takes place have indulged in a ton of sophistry. Though 'Inquisition' did not have a universal appeal it was technically a fine play and it would be interesting to hear some of Signor Fabbri's less secular works.

Of the short plays last week, 'Saturday Matinée' had the pick. There was 'The McAndrew Family', a polished piece of jovial blarney by Mr. Joseph Schull, and 'The Kasantsev Affair' by Arkadij Avertchenko, which was a sparkling comedy of Russian manners. Both plays were smartly produced by Mr. Michael Bakewell, and I felt that the Russian piece was really enjoyed by its cast.

'The Tulip Major' by Miss Rosamunde Pilcher was a fitting accompaniment to the music of matinée tea trays. The talent of Dundee Repertory Company was wastefully deployed in such a play.

IAN RODGER

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### One and Many

WHETHER DUE to voices or recording, there was a booming quality about the programme devoted to a study of T. E. Lawrence in his later years—'Lawrence of Clouds Hill'—which, to me, seemed to enhance its *in memoriam* effect. Here were a number of Lawrence's friends, including Robert Graves, David Garnett, Captain Liddell Hart among others, pacing the corridors of memory in pursuit of this refugee in the heart of life who remained so vivid for all of them and who was now so hard to arrest or define. The result was like a series of conversational solos which the scriptwriter, Francis Watson, and

producer, Maurice Brown, contrived to knit together into something closely argued, lively, and inconclusive—as argument about Lawrence will probably always be.

The cloud of witnesses brought up a crop of contradictions. Lawrence, the soul of friendship, had a 'shut-up, Oxford face'. He was 'thickset, rather clumsy-footed', and at the same time lithe slight, a physically adept 'pocket Hercules'. Boyish and comradely, he had 'a queer way of looking all the time', and 'seemed as though he was furtive'. One conviction, about this introvert who loved machines and finally escaped on one, emerged clearer than before: that the man of action had killed the creative writer in him, while the continual craving of the latter's ghost had somehow arrested the man of action. And one capital question remained unanswered: granted that he propagated the legend about himself in the first place to publicize the Arab cause, why, when this grew to such impossible and tormenting proportions, did he make no attempt to scotch it? A single appearance, bemedalled, at an official reception would have been enough to do the trick—without committing him to anything.

This programme was quite an effective *montage* of monologues—a style of feature-building which is difficult in itself and all too often attempted. It serves well for portraying an individual. But when it comes to a community, as in the 'Portrait of Crawley New Town' (arranged and produced by Eric Ewens and Anthony Thwaite), the effect can be too limiting. Listening to this piece, I began to wonder if the denizens of Crawley were on speaking terms with each other. Fortunately—after an opening invocation which, with its references to 'vision' and 'enterprise' had a flavour of boost about it—the speakers were all eager to have their say for and against their newly created home town whose population has grown from 10,000 to 45,000 in eight years.

There was a choice blending of views, from enthusiasm about the 'astonishing friendliness and co-operation' to the downright assertion of 'old and new don't mix'. And there were some delightfully unconscious self-portraits: an exquisite study in lah-di-dah from a gentleman who couldn't care less, and a rhapsody from a lady who keeps herself to her television: 'Down here, it's my *only* pleasure. Honestly, I don't care if I get square eyes. . . . And I won't stop my child looking either'. It was the same voice, I think, that condemned all local organized activities as being 'too churchified'. But, good as these solos were, I look forward, in other programmes of this type, to hearing the participants talking to each other, instead of being guided—however tactfully—past the listener through an invisible turnstile.

Which makes it all the sadder to have to confess that the one full-scale debate of the week, by the Fifty-one Society, was a disappointment. The subject, 'Christianity and the family today', conjures up vistas of platitudes, scarcely one of which failed to appear. But the fault lay chiefly with the proponent, Canon G. B. Bentley, who began by serving up what I can only describe as orthodoxy on ice. The tone in which he invoked the 'mysterious unity' of marriage was sufficient to chill the most marital backbone. And it was clear from his replies to objections that any attack on his dogmatic positions was—indefensible. Animus, polite but not animated, seemed to inform the rest of the discussion, and close up its issues, until, at the last moment, a voice from the back spoke up against the universal cult of marriage and the 'happy family'—a conspiracy fed by advertisers, television, and the press treatment of royalty. This protest against the boosting of one kind of human relationship at the expense of every other was the statement of the week.

The shades of boost loomed large across a slogging programme about 'The New Army'. Listening to the section, sad and stolid, about Cyprus, I wondered what Lawrence, that freelance among the professionals, would have advocated. Something quite unheard of—perhaps a forty-minute daily drill for every serving man, in the Cypriot vernacular?

DAVID PAUL

## MUSIC

### Sweet Desipience

HORACE WAS RIGHT, *Dulce est desipere in loco*; it is pleasant to come off the high horse and enjoy trifles. And it need not involve, as Smith minor thought, 'boozing at the local', but, where music is concerned, it means turning from the high peaks of Bach and Beethoven to the gentler, less distinguished, lowlands that lie between them.

We had several programmes of the kind last week. There was one played by the Goldsbrough Orchestra under Maurice Miles on Friday, which consisted of a Harp Concerto by Krumpholtz—there's a desipient composer for you!—a Sinfonia by J. C. Bach and Mozart's Concerto for flute and harp which is sufficiently *à la mode de Paris* not to transgress our limits. Gwendolen Mason, the harpist, and Richard Adeney, the flautist, contributed unblemished performances to our enjoyment.

The harp might be called the desipient instrument *par excellence* and we have been hearing a lot of it lately; and, if its tones sometimes become cloying and insipid, it never degenerates into that sound as of 'the thrashing of bird-cages' to which Philip Hope-Wallace likened the performance of some harpsichordist. Then there is the guitar, which we have heard in the hands of its old master, Segovia, and its young master, Julian Bream, who has been borne to surprising, but wholly merited, success on the wave of teen-age enthusiasm for the plucked string. During the last week we heard him play lute-music by Dowland, and also accompanying Peter Pears in some of his songs.

The Songs from the Chinese for tenor and guitar by Benjamin Britten, which followed, hardly fit into our context, for they demanded, and deserved, the resumption of 'sapience', of close attention. Sad they are, and beautiful, these songs, and they bear further witness to Britten's ability to master a new medium and conjure fresh sounds from it to illuminate the poems, translated by Arthur Waley, he has set.

Johan Helmich Roman, whose centenary was celebrated with a concert of his music played by the London Chamber Orchestra under Anthony Bernard, let us relax once more in our cosiest chairs. The Swedish composer's music is Italianate in idiom, standing in manner somewhere between Bach's muscular polyphony and Handel's gravity. A personal individuality appeared now and then, especially in the Violin Concerto where the soloist was Lionel Bentley who leads the orchestra. If this was for the listener an undemanding programme, that does not mean that for the performers and for the back-room boys who brought the music to the stage of performance it was a trivial task. A great deal of musicological work must likewise have been involved in preparing the series of programmes devoted to Franz Danzi, a senior contemporary of Beethoven, who seems to have specialized in writing works for wind ensembles. I hope that my silence about them when they were first played in September was not taken for contempt.

But enough of engaging trifles! We must to the heights. The climax, as it should have been, of the series of Beethoven concerts given by the Philharmonia Orchestra was reached on Thurs-

day with a performance of the Ninth Symphony, which was preceded by the First in C major. In the continued absence of Otto Klemperer, the concert was conducted by Paul Hindemith. Alas! distinction as a composer and intellectual power as a musician do not necessarily make a great conductor. The early symphony was given a very deliberate, unsmiling performance. Even the famous joke in the finale went for nothing. One hoped that the greater music of the Ninth would strike sparks from the performers. But no, it was staid, well-considered, honourable; all the details were, nicely placed and were often delectable in themselves. But the great work remained earthbound, and we never attained the expected heights. The Philharmonia

Chorus sang splendidly in the finale with firm attack and steadily sustained tone at both extremes of the staves. There was a good solo quartet, the soprano (Aase Nordmo-Løvberg) deserving special praise. Hans Hotter sang his recitative nobly, but would have achieved an even finer effect if he had been able to focus his voice more sharply on the notes.

In the exchange of courtesies between London and Copenhagen on Saturday the Danes had the best of it in performance, while we, I think, scored higher points for creation. Berkeley's Serenade was beautifully played by the Danish strings, and its opposite number, a new Concertino by Herman Koppel, sounded tudgy in comparison. Fricker's Second Symphony,

though it indulges too little in relaxation, was finely played under Jensen's direction, though possibly with too much emphasis on its remorseless counterpoints and ruthlessly *staccato* themes.

No one can be more rewardingly desipient than Sir Thomas Beecham. But on Wednesday night he conducted Berlioz's *Messe des Morts*. Were we allowed to hear this rarely performed work on the evening that used to be devoted to such things? No, we were fobbed off, by way of a 'symphony concert', with a couple of commercial recordings, excellent no doubt, made by Sir Thomas. I accepted a tempting invitation to a Feast of Pheasants. There's desipience for you!

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## John Blow: a Skilful Seventeenth-century Composer

By WATKINS SHAW

A programme for the 250th anniversary of Blow's death will be broadcast at 6.25 p.m. on Saturday, December 20 (Third)

IN London's musical life during the last three decades of the seventeenth century, John Blow (b. 1649) was one of the two leading native figures. The other was his younger contemporary and former pupil, Henry Purcell. Between them they combined in their persons almost every musical appointment of note in London, except that of Master of the King's Band. (That was held by one Staggin, to us an obscure nonentity.) They seemed to be, as a contemporary wrote, a 'Mighty Pair! Of Jubal's sacred art the greatest glory'. They belonged to London's life and scene in that period when Dryden led in literature, when the recently founded Royal Society reflected a new spirit of intellectual inquiry; a period whose chief ornaments in philosophy and science were Locke and Newton and which in Wren produced one of architecture's greatest geniuses.

Blow's relationship with Purcell is interesting. When the exceptional genius of the younger man became evident, there was no suspicion of jealousy or of standing on the dignity of seniority on Blow's part. Indeed, it is hardly possible to treat Blow's departure from the post of organist of Westminster Abbey at the age of thirty as anything but a magnanimous gesture to provide an opportunity for his former pupil. For Purcell's part, he left in print a record of his testimony to Blow as 'One of the Greatest Masters in the World'. Even so, Blow would remain nothing more than a name in the history books were it not for his achievements as a composer. These in themselves have a considerable historical interest, about which it is desirable to say something, if that can be done without diverting attention from their artistic qualities.

As a young man, from about 1670 onwards, Blow began his work at a time when English composition was at a low ebb. Matthew Locke (c. 1630-1677), whose waspish temperament probably made him an uncomfortable colleague, was its only strong figure. There was an insistent demand not only for new compositions, but for compositions in new forms and styles. The cantata-anthem with orchestra and solo voices, and not dissimilar works in the shape of secular odes for the Court—these represented a type of composition for which there was no obvious model and which had to be shaped, as it were, from scratch. (It may be well to add, for the sake of those familiar with them, that the anthems with string parts and solos, written early in the same century by Byrd, Gibbons, and others, were not really models for this purpose at all, being com-

pletely within the older polyphonic tradition.)

The efforts of the senior generation of English musicians towards meeting this situation were clumsy and ineffective, even childish. Catherine of Braganza, consort of Charles II, refused to part with the foreign musicians, Portuguese and Italian, whom she had brought to England with her: and only on the most extreme Chauvinist grounds could one complain of her attitude. It therefore fell to two younger men, Pelham Humfrey and John Blow, to develop, under the direct influence of the king, a worthy native school of composition. To this end Charles II sent Humfrey abroad to learn by travels in France and Italy, and he also drew the attention of Blow to the Italian style and stimulated him to take it for his model.

It was Humfrey and Blow, then, who took the first steps to give character and quality to the distinctively English 'Restoration' anthem and ode; and it was by working in that same field that the young Purcell served his apprenticeship to musical composition. Humfrey died young (1674) and Blow was joined by Purcell from about 1678 as his principal fellow composer. A survey of the music written between 1680 and 1685 reveals a remarkable development in scale and in organization. In this we may surely see the result of fruitful interaction between the growing experience and unresting mind of the rather older man and the powerful imagination of his former pupil.

Blow's copious and far-ranging output covers in general the same field as Purcell's, but with notable differences of emphasis. Purcell attained a great part of his full stature when writing for the theatre: Blow, after his exceedingly original but early small-scale opera, *Venus and Adonis*, left dramatic music completely untouched. Purcell wrote two splendid sets of trio-sonatas where Blow left one example only; on the other hand, Blow cultivated the composition of keyboard music to a far more important extent than Purcell and was more assiduous in writing church music. There are, of course, close resemblances of style between them, but it would be wrong to think of Blow's music as a mere echo of the Purcellian idiom; for he has things of his own to say in it. Similarly, it would be wrong to think of him primarily, or even chiefly, as a church composer, notwithstanding the power of his work in that capacity.

The programme to be broadcast on December 20 will be devoted exclusively to Blow's secular music. Though the individual items composing it are of very different types, and span the

extremes between his earlier and later styles, they all possess in marked degree a fertile and sustained power of invention. Most of all is this true of the Chaconne in G for strings. Blow fills a considerable canvas with great assurance without recourse to any of the customary formal devices. This is not a series of variations, nor does it use imitative procedures to any significant extent; yet, in a succession of short sections differing in mood, speed, and figuration, the composer not only maintains interest from start to finish but contrives to produce a compelling work whose undoubted unity is one of spirit, not of structure.

Contrasted with the vigour and variety of the Chaconne, the sustained tenderness of the 'Act Music' or Ode for the University of Oxford, *Awake, awake my lyre!*, shows another side of his art. This is an early work whose exquisite but very characteristic melodies admirably reveal Blow's lyrical qualities. He incorporates in it a formality much used in the early odes and anthems, namely the repetition of part of the instrumental prelude at a later point in the work. Although this is no more than a mechanical device, Blow uses it here at such a juncture as to deepen the poignancy of his music. It may be no accident that the opening notes of this part of the instrumental prelude are closely related to the beginning of the melody to the final stanza which immediately follows the recurrence. All in all, this is a work of sheer inspiration, which deserves the measure of popularity it seems to have enjoyed in the composer's lifetime.

Blow's keyboard music is fittingly represented by a 'ground'. He wrote many of the usual dance movements, yet it was in the form of the ground that Blow made his finest contributions to harpsichord music. He was capable of writing on the grand, extended virtuoso scale, though the item chosen for this programme is the most successful and polished of his shorter examples.

The joyous Marriage Ode, *Bring, shepherds, bring the kids and lambs*, is in an utterly different style from the Oxford 'Act Music'. It is a later work, and demonstrates Blow's mature assimilation of Italian influences. In place of the rhapsodic outpouring of *Awake my lyre!* its buoyant flow of melody has more regular contours. Combining this with opulent orchestral *ritornelli* in the first movement and rounding it off by a resonant choral-orchestral movement for climax, Blow conceived a work as skilful in craftsmanship as it is ready and successful in its appeal.



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## Bridge Forum

# Answers to Listeners' Bridge Problems

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE

Every Saturday, on Network Three, a panel of bridge experts answers questions sent in by listeners. Harold Franklin and Terence Reese deal here with some questions better suited to a written answer.

## Question 1

(from Mr. P. M. Simpkin, Western Avenue, Ashford, Kent)

East-West held the following cards at game all:

| WEST         | EAST            |
|--------------|-----------------|
| ♠ —          | ♠ A K 9 8 7 6 5 |
| ♥ A 9 6 3    | ♥ 10 2          |
| ♦ A Q J 10 4 | ♦ 7             |
| ♣ A Q 8 3    | ♣ K 10 2        |

West was the dealer and the opponents did not call. How should the bidding have gone?

### Answer by Terence Reese

West opens One Diamond and East, not quite good enough for a force, responds One Spade. West bids Two Clubs and East cannot do less than Four Spades. West may have visions of a slam now, but he has no very suitable call and cannot guarantee a contract at the Five level. He should Pass.

## Question 2

(from Mr. A. J. Gibson, Alexandria, Dunbartonshire, Scotland)

At game all North holds:

♠ — ♥ Q 8 7 5 4 2 ♦ Q 7 5 3 ♣ 7 4 3

North-South are playing the Forcing Two, and the bidding goes:

| SOUTH | WEST | NORTH | EAST |
|-------|------|-------|------|
| 2C    | No   | 2NT   | 3S   |
| 4C    | No   | 4H    | 4S   |
| Dble  | No   | ?     |      |

At this point North (correctly, I think) said No Bid. A freak distribution resulted in South's power-house being useless against Four Spades doubled. South told North that Five Clubs was obvious because of the lack of defence values in Hearts. What do you think?

### Answer by Harold Franklin

I must differ from Mr. Gibson and support South: it was, indeed, an ill-advised pass by North, not so much because he was weak in Hearts as because he had support, not so far shown, for partner's twice-bid Clubs. There was every reason to suppose that Five Clubs would be on; none to suppose that East would be much down in Four Spades, which he had bid with his eyes open.

## Question 3

(from Mr. G. Murray, Watcombe Circus, Sherwood, Nottingham)

As South, at rubber bridge, I held the following hand at game all:

♠ 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♥ Q 10 7 5 ♦ 9 6 4 ♣ —

East, on my right, opened One Spade. This was passed up to my partner, who doubled. The opener passed. What should I have bid now?

### Answer by Terence Reese

Most players—my colleague, Harold Franklin, among them—would say that you should pass the double of One Spade. Personally, I don't like that. The length in Spades will not prevent declarer from making his tricks in the suit. Playing in Hearts, there is a prospect of a good fit and a cross-ruff: I would bid Two Hearts.

## Question 4

(from Mr. G. Payne, Upper Brighton Road, Sompington, Lancing, Sussex)

Partner bids One Spade, the next player passes, and I hold:

♠ 8 ♥ Q J 9 8 6 4 3 ♦ 7 5 ♣ 8 6 2

What should I bid?

### Answer by Harold Franklin

This is a familiar situation. There is a temptation to bid Two Hearts and make minimum rebids in the suit, but partner will expect more and may go uncomfortably high. Experience has shown that the wise course is to say No Bid. Opponents may well re-open and then we can bid Hearts without danger of misleading partner.

[Harold Franklin and Terence Reese will answer further questions next week. Listeners' problems should be addressed to 'Bridge Forum', Broadcasting House, London, W.1, and not to The Editor, THE LISTENER]

# Chess: What's Wrong with Black?

By GERALD ABRAHAM

I REMEMBER puzzling an opponent with whom I had drawn by saying, with an affected petulance, 'I've wasted a Black'. He replied, in dignified surprise, 'You don't expect to win every time you're Black, do you?' He added, modestly, that he preferred White. His reply embodied the orthodox view—a view which is only too well supported by the fact that, in tournaments generally, the majority of undrawn games are won by the player of the White pieces. In support, there is a famous statement by a player of great brilliance: 'When I'm White I win because I'm White; when I'm Black I win because I'm Bogoljubov'.

But I feel two things about this: (1) that they are wrong; (2) that if White has a substantial advantage there is something wrong with chess. For what it is worth, my own experience shows that it is terribly easy to go wrong with White, and harder to go wrong with Black. If you have White you are always tempted to mistake your slight initiative for an advantage, and to try to exploit it. The danger with Black is that you may get impatient of restraint. But

Black is a discipline; and how often it happens that the patient player of Black finds, when he 'equalizes' (as they express it), that he has a slight advantage.

Certainly White can start off with a slightly better grip of the centre. If he plays King's or Queen's Gambit he has options not available to his opponent. If he plays Ruy Lopez he can find, against the orthodox defences, that he has a long period of development relatively unimpeded. But these benefits do not last for ever. In a well fought Lopez or Queen's Gambit, Black eventually emerges at least as well developed, and with his forces as well integrated as White's.

In modern chess there should be no feeling of inferiority in Black. Players like Steinitz, and—more strikingly—Lasker, proved to the world that an attack is nothing to be afraid of: that, on the other hand, an attack beaten off leaves the once attacked player happy. Lasker himself was only too anxious to induce an opponent to attack. Frequently he unbalanced his game, believing that he would outplay his opponent in

the skirmishes and the combat. Also, he knew well how to assess the forces against him, and could judge the outcome of the processes to which his opponent's development was leading, or could be led.

Moreover, there are fashions in chess, especially in the play of the openings; and changes of fashion have made it less easy than it was for White to command the centre. The revived French Defence, for instance, alters the form of the struggle for the centre: the Sicilian more so. Many masters still feel that the best reply to P-K4 is P-K4. They may well be right: but it is not the only move. In this century the theorists have realized that the apparently strong centre can be an illusion. The whole of 'ultra-modern' chess—the chess of Nimzovich, Tartakover, Reti, and Breyer, made orthodox by Alekhine—is concerned with the eventual undermining of the strong centre. So impressed was Breyer with the possibilities, he declared that after P-K4, White's game is in its last throes.

One need not go as far as that—Breyer himself, incidentally, had the White pieces when he

won his 'immortal game' against Essen. But is it not clear that Black has great compensations for playing second? He has the power of adapting his play to an opponent who commits himself first—who becomes 'engaged', as the literary critics have it. In the middle game in draughts, closely akin to chess, the second mover is favourite; and this can be justified mathematically; and, in chess, is it not the last move that wins? And does not the whole of end-game play illustrate the frequent importance of playing second?

However, this is a theory that might be described as remote from practice. Granted Black's

compensations, why, in fact, do so many more Whites win than Blacks? The answer, I think, is in psychology, not in chess. With White one can take the opening a little more easily. One has more choices; for some time, one can 'preserve a certain degree of apparent safety. One has, in other words, an initiative that may well last for fifteen moves; in some openings rather less.

Black is under strain in the earlier part of the game. So that, between equal players, the psychological factors and the factors of fatigue and strain are in White's favour. But objectively there is no disadvantage in Black. If he counters every move with an adequate one, move for

move, losing no tempo and playing well enough not to let the strategic position crystallize against him, he will emerge with an equal middle game. Indeed, frequently the long initiatives of the Lopez and the Queen's Gambit leave Black with a greater control.

What, then, is left of Bogoljubov's dictum? I think he won as Black because he was Bogoljubov; he won as White because his opponents were afraid of Bogoljubov. In world championship matches, Black does not do badly. At lower levels, a number of players of Black lose because they are beaten before they start.—*Network Three*

## Flowers in December

By F. H. STREETER

ONE of the most striking flowers in bloom in December is the blue primrose. They have single flowers, like the wild ones. You simply cannot stop them from flowering, and they are most attractive.

Some ericas will flower all the year round. They are easy and accommodating plants to grow, although they like plenty of leaf soil or peat. No pruning is needed; just a slight trim over as soon as flowering is finished, to keep them in their place. Erica Springwood White is a wonderful plant. A group of three or four plants in the border, on the rockery, or even in the window box will give you flowers, no matter what the weather, until next March or April. If you do not like white, King George, a deep red, may please you.

The winter-flowering cherry called *Prunus subhirtella autumnalis* is most attractive. Its buds open white, then turn pink. If the frost is severe and burns the open blossoms, another set of flowers form, and soon the tree is covered again. You can use this cherry to decorate a room, and it gives off a delicate, vanilla-like



Dresden China daisies

scent. Change the water frequently and the buds will keep opening for weeks.

Another December-flowering shrub is the witch hazel, *Hamamelis mollis*. It has rather a spreading habit and is covered with curious little curled flowers all along the branches. It will keep on flowering into April. There is still time to plant it. It will have open flowers when it arrives, but this does not matter. If you decide to order one of these specimens, you would receive it with its roots in a small piece of sacking, or canvas, to keep the soil intact round them. When you plant, open the sacking at the top and sides. Leave the bottom: it will soon rot, and the roots will not receive any check. This applies to almost everything balled in this way.

It may surprise many people to know that they could have a rhododendron in flower this month. Christmas Cheer, a pretty pink, is a striking example. If you have an acid soil with a fair amount of room, and want a specimen evergreen flowering plant, try a King George rhododendron. At this time of the year put a mulch of old bracken over the roots. The rhododendron called ponticum makes an excellent hedge plant too, and it looks lovely planted under trees. As long as you are not on a limy soil they will all grow and thrive.

A clump of Pampas grass on the lawn gives character and beauty to the garden up to

Christmas. Its name is *Gynerium*, and the variety Sunningdale Silver has really silvery plumes. These are often cut and used for indoor decorations. To make them look their best, wave the plumes gently in front of the fire; this brings out their full beauty. Remember, when you clip the old foliage of Pampas grass in the spring never use your bare arms. The leaves cut like a knife.

Winter jasmine (*Jasminum nudiflorum*) is in bloom now, the rather long branches covered in bright-yellow flowers. By picking the sprays for use indoors, you prune and keep the bush in shape, and it helps the back buds to make long shoots to flower next year. It will grow practically on stones.

Have you noticed how double daisies keep throwing up flowers all through the winter, and what a lovely ground-work they make for tulips? Try the black tulip, Queen of the Night, over a double white daisy. We must not forget that little treasure, Dresden China. Plant this in large groups, fairly close together, to form a carpet of bloom on the rockery.—*From a talk in the Home Service*



*Prunus subhirtella*



*Hamamelis mollis*



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# Protecting Your Home by Insurance—I

By C. F. TRUSTAM

LET me assume that you own the house you live in, and let me start with the insurance of the building itself. You doubtless regard it as common prudence to insure against fire; but many other things can happen to cause you loss. A comprehensive policy insures you against twenty and more of the risks to which the house owner is commonly exposed. Let us have a look at some of the more important items.

You will have read in your newspaper of the house that has been severely damaged by lightning, or by explosion caused perhaps by a faulty gas main. You will be vividly aware of those tragic occasions where an aeroplane has crashed and destroyed everything in its path. You will know that the determined burglar not merely makes off with your possessions but frequently does serious damage to your house in the process. And you will probably recollect only too well how in quite recent years widespread damage has been caused to houses throughout the country by storms.

There are lesser items: impact by road vehicles; the damage and inconvenience from the bursting or overflowing of water-tanks or pipes. The breakage of glass in your windows or of your sanitary fittings can involve you in loss which you might well like to cover by means of a comprehensive insurance.

I must mention one more important item: the insurance of your legal liability for injury to the public. We live in a claims-conscious age. A loose slate may fall or be blown from your roof, or a piece of guttering, and serious injury may be caused to a passer-by or a caller at the house. Or someone may slip on that highly polished floor—or trip over the uneven tile. Hundreds of such cases arise every year, and if it happens to you you must consider the possibility of being sued and having a substantial claim awarded by the court. Remember that the comprehensive policy gives you insurance protection.

Here are a few points to watch. When you are buying a house you are almost certainly getting legal advice. Generally speaking, however, it is essential for you to see that the property is insured as soon as you sign the contract to purchase. Do not leave it until you move in, which may be some time later. Remember also to insure for the full value of the house. It may be tempting to economize a little by cutting down the sum insured. But do not forget that if your house is destroyed you cannot recover more than the sum insured, and you do not want to be left with insufficient to rebuild it.

Another point: in the case of storm damage and claim arising from burst pipes, the owner is usually required to pay the first £5 of each claim. If you would feel happier without this restriction it can be removed on payment of a small extra premium. Finally, do not forget to include the premium for the building insurance in your claim for income-tax rebate under Schedule 'A'.

Let us think about the contents of the house: your furniture, your household goods, the things that turn the house into a home. The 'comprehensive' policy covers your possessions against the various risks I have already mentioned and many others as well. Once again, see that you insure for the full value of your possessions. If you will take a sheet of paper and go round jotting down the value of everything in each room, not forgetting what is in drawers and cupboards, I think you will be surprised at what it adds up to. Moreover, it is worth while checking the values at intervals—say every two years—because prices tend to alter as time goes on, and, furthermore, you may be acquiring additional things, especially as the family grows up.

You should also remember to make an allowance for depreciation for things that are not new. Insurance is not intended to provide new things for old; and if an article is destroyed

you are entitled to claim not for its value when new but for its actual value at the time of destruction, whether this be more or less than the purchase price.

—'For the Householder' (Network Three)

## Notes on Contributors

HUGH TINKER (page 975): Reader in Oriental History at London University since April; author of *The Union of Burma*

RUTH GLASS (page 981): Director of Research, Committee for Urban Studies at University College, London; editor of *Social Life on a New Housing Estate, Social Background of a Plan: A Study of Middlesbrough, etc.*

ANDREW D. BOOTH (page 983): Head of the Department of Numerical Automation, Birkbeck College, London; author of (with K. H. V. Booth) *Automatic Digital Calculators*, (with William Nash Locke) *Machine Translation of Languages, etc.*

ERNEST THESIGER (page 985): has been an actor since 1909; has appeared in many plays including *A Little Bit of Fluff*, *Mary Rose*, *St. Joan*, and films including *Henry V*, *The Winslow Boy*, *Quartet*, and *The Man in the White Suit*

ANTHONY MICHAELIS (page 986): editor of the scientific journal *Discovery*

THE REV. J. V. LANGMEAD CASSERLEY (page 988): Professor of Dogmatic Theology in the General Theological Seminary, New York; author of *No Faith of My Own*, *Morals and Man*, *Retreat From Christianity in the Modern World*, *Graceful Reason*, and *Bent World, etc.*

GERALD ABRAHAM (page 1012): barrister; author of *Teach Yourself Chess*, *Lunatics and Lawyers*, *The Chess Mind*, *The Legal Mind*, and *The Law for Writers and Journalists*

C. F. TRUSTAM (page 1015): General Manager of the Royal Insurance Company; Vice-President, Chartered Insurance Institute, etc.

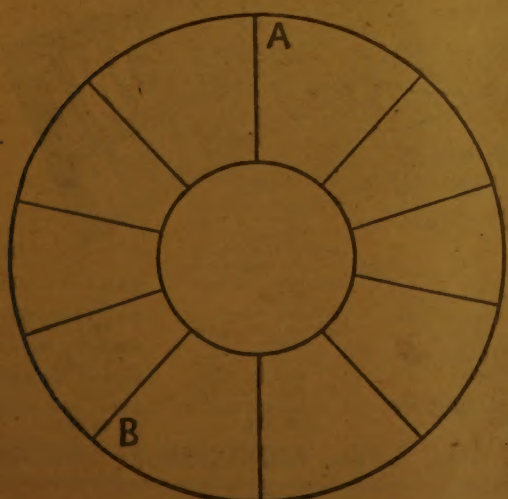
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By Tickatrick

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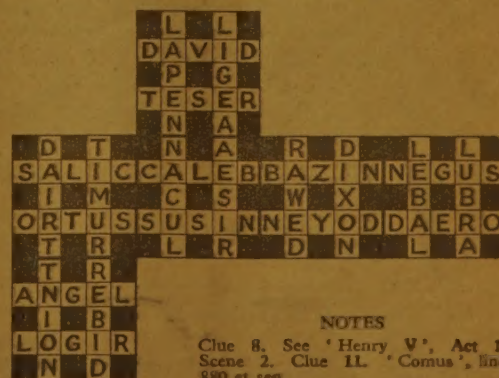


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## Solution of No. 1,487



### NOTES

Clue 8. See 'Henry V', Act 1, Scene 2. Clue 11. 'Cornus', line 880 et seq

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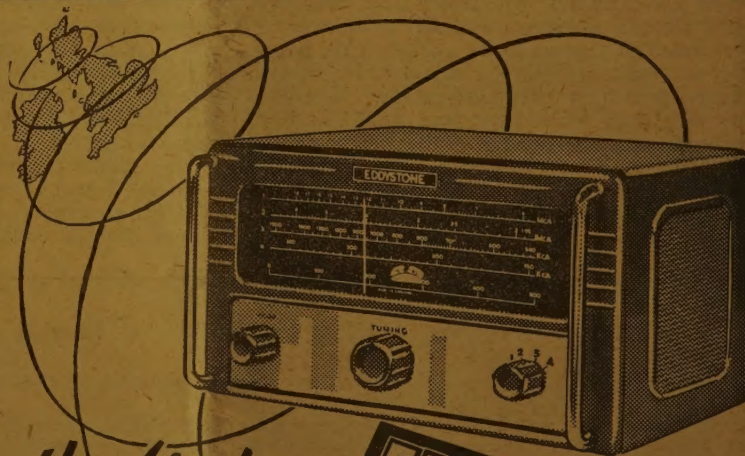
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